

The Sketch

No. 1194 — Vol. XCII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



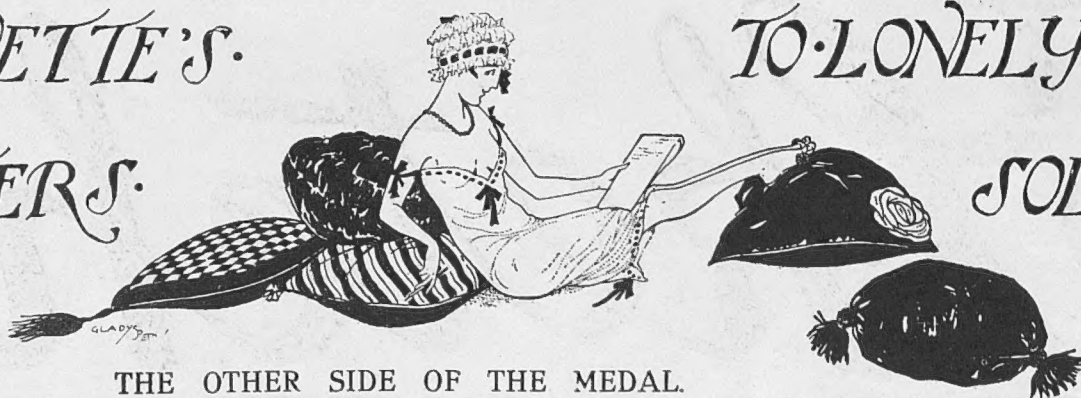
EVERYONE'S WATCHING HER STEPS! LA BELLE LEONORA, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE EMPIRE
IN THE PALAIS DE FOX-TROT SCENE OF THE REVUE.

La Belle Leonora, already very well known to "Sketch" readers, is now in "Watch Your Step!" at the Empire, and is presenting a series of modern dances.

Photograph by Wrather and Buys.

PHRYNETTE'S. LETTERS.

TO LONELY. SOLDIERS.



AND this one? Oh, *mon Dieu*, but it is dated from Nov. 10! And it was such a nice letter, and I so wanted to answer it

before. Though when I opened it I did not know whether to get pleasure-red or cross-red, and to take it as a compliment or as a confession of funk! "MY DEAR MADEMOISELLE PHRYNETTE—I feel at a sufficient distance to address you thus." (Why? You have not fear of me, is it not? If you like me *un peu*, why be glad to feel at a distance "sufficient"? Sufficient for—not to what? Explain, will you? For I do not quite follow that "distance.")

"You must be absolutely 'fed up' with letters from appreciative lonely subs." (But why "fed up"? I do not feed on paper, like the mices!)

"Nevertheless, I timidly venture to add to the sum of your boredom by one letter. Please try and overlook it this time." (But I have not overlooked it, you see, since I am writing you; and "boredom," why, I know no greater pleasure—in war time, of course, when you are away—than to read your letters slowly, with one's feet on the mantelpiece—though I do not recommend this attitude, especially where the fireplace is of polished brass—and roast chestnuts in the shovel the while.)

"I feel I must write to tell you how I look forward to your letters to us out here every week; they are so full of *joie de vivre*, with also just the sufficient dash of *sauce piquante*." (But surely not *sauce piquante*! No, no; milk-and-butter sauce, and with the

sort of butter that does not melt in your mouths—what? Sometimes, indeed, the sauce is—well, somewhat saucy; but it's much less hot when it reaches you because of a certain blue pencil that turns bluer still when your friend Phrynette gets too—French!)

"I am horribly bad at French, and never know when to put an 'e' to the end of a word, but I believe one does it when the word is feminine." (Had I not a will of iron, I should make a bad joke about "e" and a "he" being indispensable to things feminine; but, as a matter of fact, I don't think this is in the least true.) "You can get on without us men, or you seem to, anyway" (ah, trust us, but—not appearances), "admirably; but I'm blessed if we can without you. You should see the pitiful attempts we make to soften the hard, stern surroundings of our dug-outs, when we are in them.

We are resting just now in a little village, somewhere in France, after our first spell in the trenches, and are all desperately keen to get back to them—it is so dull in these little villages: one misses the friendly tap-tap-tap of the machine-gun, as if it were knocking at your dug-out door in the early mornings, '5 A.C. emmed,' as the Signallus says at stand-to." (Who is the Signallus? I do not count him among my correspondents—a stand-offish sort of officer, I suppose! *À chacun son goût*, but I prefer to be wakened *en douceur*—no, you must not smile—rather than by the tap-tap-tap of a machine-gun. I don't object to the rat-tat-tat of the postman at my door, though. By the way, I have just passed the postman on the stairs, and he gave me a handful of your letters, with "on active service," "censored on ship," or

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MEDAL.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

certainly thought I heard him whistle "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Could it be that the impudent postman imagines all this correspondence to be *billets doux*? He would be vastly mistaken, *is it not?*)

"I think it would amuse you to see some of our dug-outs—Raphael Kirchner's pictures, *Préjellans*, and *The Sketch*. We take them about with us from place to place, carefully looked after. I love to read your letters, with such a flavour of dear old Town. It makes me long for one more tea in the 'Piccadilly,' for 'More'—oh, heaps of things." (But for "more" of what especially—more tea?)

"*Agréez mes salutations les plus profondes.*" (What beautiful French! *Oui, merci, Monsieur, je les agrée!—car elles sont fort agréables!*)

Speaking of French, one of you, who has been to Paris on a short leave recently, told me that he saw a woman wearing a silver medal hanging from a ribbon tie, like a saint's medal, and on it was written—

JOF—FRE
FRE—NCH See?

The puzzled officer asked the wearer whether it was some order of merit, but it seems those medals are an idea of the *couturier* (Jenny, I think), and that many *élégantes* are sporting them somewhere over their hearts. Upon which the gallant Captain exclaimed with fervour, "*Revers béni de la médaille!*" I do not know English well enough to attempt to translate this; but of course you'll guess—it's so much quicker to guess than to be told!

And the same friend tells me, too, that not only patriotic medals, but also saintly ones are worn. For, since the war, there is in Paris a recrudescence of religion. Not only in the Faubourg St. Germain, where in the pre-war days almost the only *dévotés* were the *douairières*. Now we have again *changé tout cela*, and no pretty woman prattles of *libre pensée* any more than she would dream of wearing a tight skirt. Monsieur l'Abbé again holds his old sway, with an added prestige—that of the patriot as well as the priest. There is a *prie-dieu* in the bedroom of every fashionable woman in Paris, says my Captain Courageous—yes, he is very well informed, is he not?

I like such little bits of gossip in your letters. Few of you tell me about things you see or do, yet I'd rather read about you than about myself.

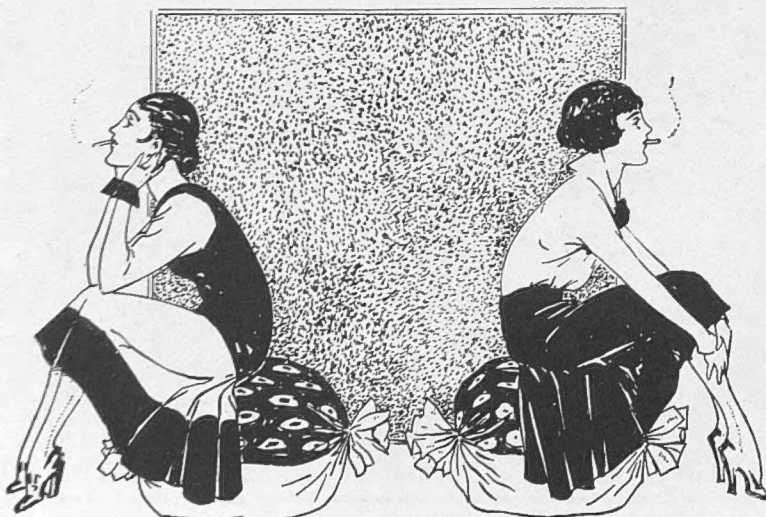
We motored down to Folkestone the other day to see some soldier friends, and there was a *thé dansant* at the Métropole—there is one every Saturday—and it would have made the pessimist of pessimists smile to see some of you enjoying themselves so simply, so naively almost. There were several Naval officers home from their vigils in the North Sea, dancing very solemnly, like good little boys at a party; young officers in mufti back from France; one was wearing the Legion of Honour, another had an emaciated face which told that he had been gassed; an interesting couple was a young Staff officer who had come over on leave to see his sweetheart: she had come from Canada to be nearer him—in fact, there



"Full of *joie de vivre*, with *sauce piquante*."



"He is very well informed, is he not?"



"You can get on without us men, or you seem to, anyway."

was not one civilian among the dancers, save, of course, the women. And who said flappers? At what age does one begin to flap? I was asking myself that question as I was watching an immense



"Several naval officers, dancing very solemnly."

and kilted Scot dancing with quite a little girl of about ten. They looked like darlings—she so proud, standing on her toes trying to be taller, and he bent in two to talk to his child partner.

Talking of children, little Michael McKenna (son of Reginald McKenna, who is somebody or something in your Government, isn't he?), on being asked whether he loved his new small cousin, named McLaren, answered, "How could I? He is only a baby."

And it's not only wee boys who think like that, as you'll see.

Peggy and I (you know Peggy, don't you? She would be quite a dear if she were not so horribly rich that she can't have a peep at the real world for the gold wall around her)—well, we went together the other day to Sunderland House, where the Duchess of Marlborough was giving an At Home for the League of Service. She looked nice, but a little weary of well-doing—and so she might, for the place was crowded out. We were eloquently lectured on our duty to poor mothers by Dr. Willey and Dr. Saleeby, and, for "jam" after the pill, were given a sketch by Barrie, "The Typist's Error," played by Gladys Cooper and Gerald du Maurier. As you know, I expect, the play hinges upon a typist's mistake. She reverses the parts, and so the man says what is intended for the woman, and vice-versa. I watched several women noting with joy Gladys Cooper's masterly wooings of the coy male, and a fearful thought struck me. Perhaps that is how, after the war, we'll have to woo and win you! The very thought paralysed poor, unimaginative, shy me; and I wanted to warn the other women that it was not much use studying the strategy of Miss Gladys Cooper, because, of course, it is not every one of us who is beautiful enough to afford errors or mistakes, or even indiscretions! And, speaking of mistakes, perhaps you may have wondered what I meant in a former letter about "Royalty



"Perhaps that is how, after the war, we'll have to woo and win you!"

now somewhat lacking the touch of the Roman." 'Twas Romance I had written, of course! I hope you had guessed it. Don't I expect a lot from your powers of intuition?

Well, then, to come back not to "muttons," but to "kids." Peggy said what a wonderful lecture it was, and that she wished every woman could profit by it, and she spoke of the mother instinct all the way home.

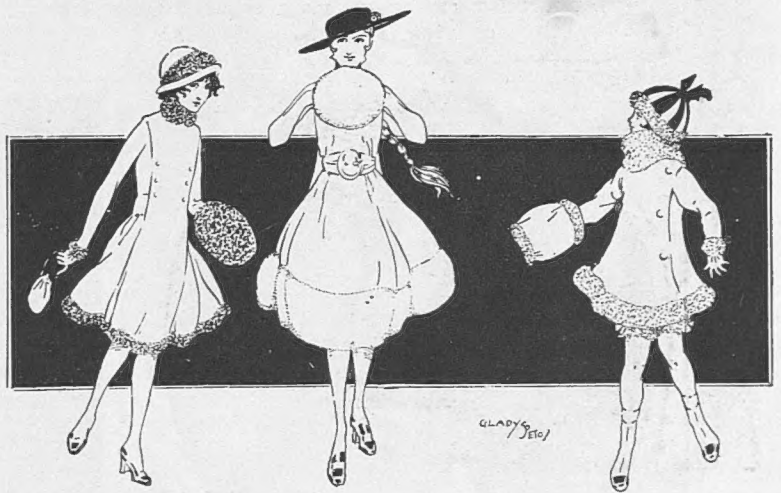
The other day, while I was out, a telephone message came for me from Peggy "to call as soon as possible to see the new little

darling." "Ah," I reflected joyfully, "what a good effect lectures can have on the frivolous feminine! There was a selfish, spoilt, babyless Peggy who had been married four years already, and here she is spurred on to motherhood in less than a week!"

I flew—I only stopped a few minutes on my way to buy a hoop and a box of pralines for Peggy's baby. I bounced over the three steps of her door, forgot to pay the taxi-cab driver, almost knocked down on the stairs poor old Jenkins—who, I am told, was page in the days of Algernon's grandfather (Algernon is Peggy's hubby), and who now, in grandiose idleness, roams through the mansion under the pleasant delusion that he is the butler and indispensable. He is, in truth, quite picturesque, and a splendid specimen of what a family ghost should be. Peggy always takes him to her manor in Scotland every autumn when she has women staying there she does not like but has to ask down. After meeting, on their way to bed, through the cold, uncanny corridors of the manor, the ancient Jenkins carrying his candle and dragging his poor old feet behind him, the ladies generally return to town next day. I, however, am not afraid of him, so that, as I steadied him against the banister, I asked breathlessly, thinking of the little newcomer upstairs, "Boy?"

Poor old Jenkins thought I was taking liberties with him, and his jaw dropped down to his waistcoat like that of Marley when he wanted to give Scrooge the creeps (you know, in that cheerful "Christmas Carol").

I left him to recover his senses and his balance, and rushed to Peggy's room; but she was not there, nor was any doctor, nurse, or



"And who said flappers? At what age does one begin to flap?"

cradle, so I ran to her sitting-room, and there was Peggy among the cushions, cuddling a little dark creature covered in laces and fluffs.

"Come and see my darling Baby!" she cried. "It is Algy's Christmas present!"

"Of course it would be Algy's," I said; "but how beautifully punctual, and—oh, *mon Dieu*, what's that?"

My jaw dropped, yes, like Jenkins', as I stared at an ugly, blinking, hairless puppy curled up in Peggy's arms. It looked very much like an old, worn muff of some prehistoric belle.

"I must say something amiable," I thought desperately. "Well, er—perhaps, if you try 'Simlene hair cream,' it may yet grow a coat, poor thing."

"What," said Peggy, "grow hair! It's a Chinese dog! It would spoil its beauty, my lovely, lovey, dovey doggie! You see, my dear, after that touching lecture the other day about those poor but happy mothers, I thought it must be delightful to have a wee baby-thing to love and take care of, and I told Algy, and he bought this darling for me. Isn't doggie a duck? Wait, I'll show you his little round rubber shoes for his little popsy-paws when it's wet."

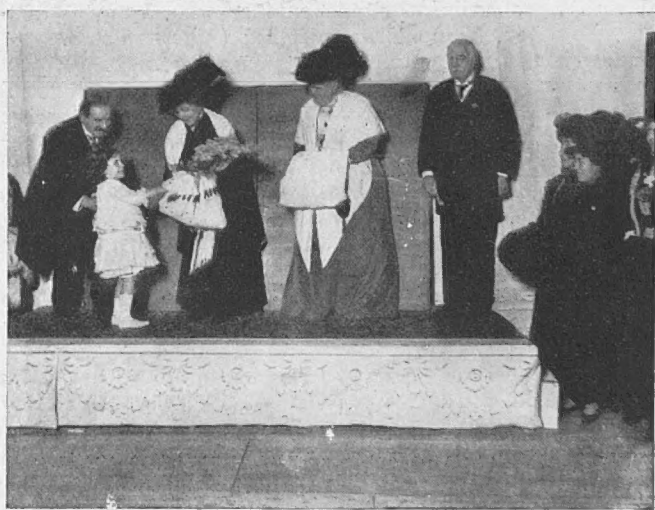
I felt rather a fool with my pralines and hoop. The pralines I hid in my muff, and the hoop I told Peggy 'twas to put in the hem of my skirt to make it "stand out." She is going to have one made like that! As I was going out, I gave the hoop and pralines to Jenkins.

I have just received as a Christmas card a lovely little book. It is a short play for Christmastide by Dennis Cleugh, charmingly illustrated by C. Hargrave Martin. My thanks and compliments to both. It is a very touching Mystery Play called "The Violet under the Snow." I will not reveal to you the theme nor plot, but just that it tells us "Mustn't be sad on Christmas Eve!"—or something to that effect. A sweet and comforting little play.



"I flew."

"CHRISTMAS IN WAR-TIME": PERSONALITIES OF THE BAZAAR.



THE OPENING CEREMONY: H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK ACCEPTING A BOUQUET.



IN SERBIAN COSTUME: A GROUP OF PICTURESQUE LADY HELPERS AT THE BAZAAR.



THE WIFE OF THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR: MME. SZE.



IN THE PICTURE GALLERY: THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, MISS VIOLET DE TRAFFORD, COUNTESS NADA TORBY, COUNTESS ZIA TORBY, AND MRS. RALPH PETO.



IN RUSSIAN COSTUME: A GROUP OF PICTURESQUE HELPERS AT THE BAZAAR.



THE SMOKES-FOR-THE-SOLDIERS STALL: LADY WRITERS AS SALESWOMEN.

It is common knowledge that the professional classes have in many cases been terribly hard hit by the war, and the Professional Classes War Relief Council is doing a much-needed work of benevolence with tact and discretion. The big "Christmas in War-Time" Bazaar, held at the Albert Hall last week, drew a great crowd and must have added largely to the funds of the Council. At the opening ceremony, Princess Alexander of Teck accepted a bouquet from Miss Williams; and in the group are also the Lord Mayor, H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, and Major Darwin. A distinguished visitor and sympathetic helper was Mme. Sze, the wife of the popular Chinese Am-

bassador. Groups of ladies in Serbian and Russian native dress lent picturesqueness and colour to the scene; an interesting group of ladywriters, among whom were Mrs. Alec Tweedie, Miss Nadja Green, Miss Sybil Nairn, and Mrs. C. Green, sold "smokes for the soldiers"; and in Mrs. Ralph Peto's picture-gallery were the Duchess of Rutland, the Countesses Nada and Zia Torby and Miss de Trafford. H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg visited the Bazaar during the afternoon, and among other great ladies who helped on the good work were the Duchesses of Norfolk, Marlborough, and Sutherland.

SOCIETY ; AND STAGE : WEDDINGS ; SINGING ; ACTING.



A FAMOUS "RAIDING" AVIATOR MARRIED : FLIGHT-COMMANDER S. V. SIPPE, D.S.O., AND HIS BRIDE—WITH FATHER VAUGHAN.

Flight-Commander Sippe was married last week to Miss Mabel d'Arcy, who is seen with him in the photograph ; with Father Bernard Vaughan, who performed the ceremony. Flight-Commander Sippe was one of the airmen who raided the Friedrichshafen Zeppelin



A MILITARY WEDDING : CAPTAIN J. G. PORTER, D.S.O., AND MISS ENID DUFF-ASSHETON-SMITH.

factory so successfully.—The wedding of Captain J. G. Porter, D.S.O., 9th Lancers, to Miss Enid Duff-Assheton-Smith, daughter of the late Sir G. W. D. Assheton-Smith, of Vaynol, Carnarvon, and Mrs. George Holdsworth, took place on Dec. 6.

Photographs by Topical and Photopress.



THE HIDDEN SINGER OF "ROMANCE" : MISS DOROTHY MOULTON.

Miss Dorothy Moulton is the possessor of a delightful, rich voice with which, when "Cavallini" is on the stage at the Duke of York's Theatre, she entrances the audience, singing behind the scenes. Miss Moulton was the original singer in "Kismet."—

Photographs E. O. Hoppé and Compton Collier.



"DOING HER BIT"—AND MORE : MISS GWENDOLINE BROGDEN.

Miss Gwendoline Brogden is as energetic as she is clever and charming, and, although playing a leading part in "Bric-à-Brac," at the Palace, contrived to put in some time in helping at "Christmas in War-Time" at the Albert Hall.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

The Trembling Needle.

Have you realised, friend the reader, that we have now arrived at an intensely interesting stage of the Greatest War in the History of the World? I use capital letters for fear that you may be "getting used" to the War. That would be a fatal mistake. We must never get used to it. You should never, as a matter of fact, get used to anything. Never put up with anything. Never get into a rut. Never jog on. Always have your nerves at high tension. That is the only way to be quite sure that you are alive. Directly you get used to anything you are not living it.

Some people, for example, think that the War has reached a dull stage. They miss the masses of headlines in the paper each morning. They long for those early days when we sank German cruisers two or three times a week, and killed off the Crown Prince whenever there was nothing else of especial interest going. But they are wrong. They are wrong for this reason, that the needle is trembling, now this way, now that, and something decisive may happen at any moment.

If we once make the mistake of getting used to the War, if we once allow ourselves to say, "Oh, it's only a matter of time. We must just hang on, and the Germans will give in at last"—that will be fatal. They most certainly will not give in unless they are compelled to give in, and you cannot compel anybody to do anything by just waiting for them to do it. The spirit of Mr. Micawber is not the spirit in which to win the War. Napoleon was the chap. He got up and went out and did it.

A Digression.

"Among the private instructions given to me by Bonaparte," says de Bourrienne—an excellent person to re-read in these days—"there was a very singular one. 'During the night,' said he, 'enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Never awake me when you have good news to announce, because, with good news, nothing presses; but, when you have bad news, rouse me immediately, for then there is not an instant to be lost.' This calculation was good, and he found his advantage in it."

De Bourrienne was a dull dog, and a small-minded dog, but he knew when Napoleon was right, because he wrote his memories after the events. This instruction, for example; you will observe that he calls it a "very singular one," but admits later that "this calculation was good, and he found his advantage in it." Meaning, of course, that he had always considered the instruction a very singular one, but was bound to admit, in the light of events, that there was reason in it.

We talk a great deal of Napoleon in these days, but how many people know anything about him? Most people know, vaguely, that Napoleon won a huge number of battles, and conquered the greater part of Europe; but they have no idea of the kind of man he was or how he did it. And yet, a few miles away, we have another man trying his little best to emulate Napoleon. Observe the difference between the two—

"Before fighting a battle, Bonaparte thought little about what he should do in the case of success, but a good deal about what he should do in the case of a reverse. I state this as a fact of which I have often been a witness."

No State entries into unconquered towns, for example!

Two Conversations.

But to return to the trembling needle. One day recently I met a Pessimist, and conversed with him on the situation.

"Well," I said, "and what of the outlook now?"

He shook his head. His face was full of gloom. His shoulders were bowed.

"Very bad! Very bad indeed!"

"Really? What makes you think that?"

"Well, my dear fellow, look at Greece!"

"I'm looking at Greece. What about her?"

"Can you find anything to be cheerful about in that? Then, again, look at Russia! Just look at Russia!"

"I have looked at Russia."

"And you can still smile? You must be a very extraordinary fellow! Then there is our own position. Have you given a serious thought to that?"

"Certainly."

"And what do you make of it?"

"Oh, never mind what I make of it. It's your own idea that I want to get at."

He shook his head again. His face became even gloomier. His shoulders almost met in front.

"Lack of men! Lack of munitions! Lack of money! Lack of brains! Lack of leaders!"

"I'm sorry you feel like that about it."

"My dear fellow, if you knew all that I know—!" And he vanished round the corner, muttering darkly.

The Other Man.

He had just left when I ran into the Optimist. "Well," I said, "and what of the outlook now?"

His head was erect. His eyes sparkled. His shoulders were braced back.

"Excellent! Never better!"

"Really? And what makes you think that?"

"Well, my dear fellow, look at Greece!"

"I'm looking at Greece. What about her?"

"Can you find anything to be depressed about in that? Then, again, look at Russia! Just look at Russia!"

"I have looked at Russia."

"And you can still frown? You must be a very extraordinary fellow! Then there is our own position. Have you given your attention closely to that?"

"Certainly."

"And what do you make of it?"

"Oh, never mind what I make of it. It's your own idea that I want to get at."

He rubbed his hands. His eyes sparkled more than ever. His shoulders almost met at the back.

"Millions of men! Stacks of munitions! A War Council of the Allies! 'K.' back at the War Office!"

"I'm glad you feel like that about it!"

"My dear fellow, if you knew all that I know—!" And he trotted off, chuckling with glee.

Take Your Choice. It was only when I came to compare the two conversations that I discovered the curious dissimilarity and the still more curious similarity. Clear proof that the needle trembles when, of two men, one is elated and the other depressed by the very same circumstance! As to which was right or which was wrong, that is another matter altogether. You can take your choice, friend the reader. Speaking personally, I have taken mine. I know with which man I should prefer to dine, or defend a trench, or patrol the North Sea, or fly over the camp of the enemy, or appear on a recruiting platform, or travel by submarine in enemy waters.

You shall have two guesses. If you happen to have no use for the second, pass it on to your nearest—mistic friend. And note his demeanour (for future use).



A CLEVER AND CHARMING YOUNG ACTRESS WHO ASSISTED AT THE CHRISTMAS-IN-WAR-TIME BAZAAR AT THE ALBERT HALL: MISS MARY DIBLEY.

Miss Mary Dibley, a young actress who has done excellent work with Mr. Arthur Bourchier and other managers, and has also been seen with much success on the cinema, was one of those who assisted at the Albert Hall last week at the Christmas-in-War-Time Bazaar for the Professional Classes War Relief Fund.—[Photograph by Army and Navy Stores.]

"A STABLE BOY": HER LATEST PORTRAIT.



WORKING IN A REMOUNT DEPÔT AT MAIDENHEAD: MISS IRIS TANYIA LORD.

The Remount Depot at Maidenhead was the first of its kind to be run by women under the War Office, and is a great success. Most of the ladies concerned are used to following hounds, and there can be no doubt that their work, which is the work of experts, is most valuable.—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]

SMALL TALK

THE points for and against the possession of an island are again up for discussion. It has been a periodic problem with ladies who tire of Mayfair before the end of each season, and for whom Scotland and the violets of Grasse have grown prosaic. An isle of Greece was the old ambition; but that is more or less shut down, and we must content ourselves with the thought that Herm is on the market. But let the prospective buyer go warily. Let her consult the Raglans, who come to London from the Isle of Man for the winter, or the Van Raaltes and Lady Howard de Walden, or Lady Bute, or even the owners of most "convenient and desirable" of islands in Penzance Bay, before leaving the mainland.



TO MARRY THE HON. ROBERT W. MORGAN-GRENVILLE: MISS IRENE HARVEY.

Miss Irene Alice Gertrude Harvey, whose marriage is arranged to take place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on Dec. 29, is the eldest daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Harvey, of Langley Park, Slough. The Hon. Robert William Morgan-Grenville is a son of the Baroness Kinloss, and holds a commission in the Rifle Brigade.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

just at a time when he least expected any stroke of good luck. He was in the Bermudas with his regiment, whither it had been banished as a penance for a well-remembered demonstration of insubordination at Wellington. It was the one place in the world where it had fewest chances of winning medals—or wives. But the American girl was touring round some, and chanced upon the exile.

Lady Victoria Primrose's Partner. Lady Victoria Primrose holds a half-share in Carrigrue, a yearling entered to run at Gatwick on New Year's Day. Her companion in this venture is her brother, who arranged the details of the partnership during his leave of absence from the front. This hanging together of Lord Derby's son and daughter in a comparatively unimportant sporting event, despite the distractions of war for him and the distractions of marriage for her, is a characteristic little piece of Stanleyhood. It is the Stanleys all over. They hang on to horses and they hang on to family with the same hard-and-fast Derby grip.

Lord Derby's Future. Lady Victoria's alliance with a Primrose gives scope for other sporting partnerships, and for something more. Her father and Lord Rosebery have been very much of one mind about certain phases of the recruiting question. Nearly a year ago, before Lord Derby's official connection with the War Office, they both came to the conclusion that some armlet scheme was necessary.

They were pioneers in the badge idea, the difference being that Lord Derby pushed his notion further than did his friend. This development of "push" is what makes many politicians look

"Plain Lady Cheylesmore." The lady who married Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt, of Rhode Island, and who has just lost her mother, uses her maiden name as well as her husband's. She is Mrs. French Vanderbilt. Her sister, it is said, would have done the same thing if it had been possible, but the usages of Prince's Gate did not permit it: she is just plain Lady Cheylesmore.

Put in the Corner. Lord Cheylesmore (who has more medals, by the way, than any other man in the Army—it happens he is a collector) met the beautiful Miss French

upon Lord Derby as the Prime Minister of the future. The main question will be, Does he want the Premiership?

"Double Weight." Whether Mrs. Freddie Guest is selling tobacco at Prince's, or Miss Elizabeth Asquith dolls at the Three Arts Shop, the charitable buyer is getting full value for her money. Indeed, it must be almost irksome to the philanthropic shopper to be constantly put off with bargains instead of the trash of the old-time bazaar. Real treasures were sold at Claridge's lately, and Lord Mount Edgcombe has been providing a Plymouth sale with good things from his own collection. London dealers send representatives even as far as Edinburgh when auctioneers hoist the Red Cross flag; and the dealers are not philanthropists.

Ernest: A Surprise. Lord Chelmsford's family is going through-and-tumble times. Mr. Ernest Thesiger, hardly recovered from his wound, has a wild part to play in the knock-about at the Criterion; and now Mrs. Wilfred Thesiger has given birth to a son in Abyssinia, of all places. The baby is a cousin of the surprising Ernest, whom some of us remember as the least enterprising of Slade students. His only deed of daring in those days was an occasional stunt on model's throne in imitation of Sarah Bernhardt; otherwise he was known for his somewhat wooden drawings and a profound distaste for soiling his fingers with oil or charcoal. He was a character, and popular; but nobody imagined he would one day get a wound in a real battle and be able to forget about it immediately afterwards.

Ladies in Durance. Dame Gossip concerns herself mostly with her own sex, even in a camp. And now the rumours that pass from mouth to mouth over tea-tables in the trenches concern not any dalliances with the sex, but proceedings of severity which a recent debate in the House of Lords has set in motion. The whole passport system in France has been strengthened up in a fashion which ladies long free to wander will not follow. So it happens that three well-known ladies, as the story goes, have been under temporary arrest for breaches of the new formalities. One of the group only laughs at having had to suffer a few hours' detention in the process. She laughs louder when she tells of the solicitude of the official who, when he released her, apologised for not having offered her water for a flower she was wearing. It seemed a new version of the story of Landor, who, having thrown his *chef* out of the window, looked out after him to the bed beneath, exclaiming, "Good God, I forgot the violets!"

Δ Drink Question. Is claret, after all, the drink of drinks? Mr. Tennant has his doubts, but a certain body of opinion in this country sides with the French view as to its value on active service, and if Tommy really exchanges his jam for half-bottles in the Dardanelles, he, too, is coming round. In token of another alliance chianti must be popularised, and will probably go down better than its sister vintages from France.



MARRIED ON DEC. 7: MISS EUNICE M. SCHOFIELD (MRS. A. H. J. ELLIS).

Miss Eunice Mary Schofield, of Church Street, Kensington, was married on Dec. 7, at St. Mary Abbot's Church, Kensington, to Major Archibald H. J. Ellis, South Wales Borderers.

Photograph by Langfier.



A MILITARY MARRIAGE: LIEUTENANT AND MRS. BONHAM CARTER.

Our picture of Mr. and Mrs. Bonham Carter was taken after their wedding at Earl's Court. Mrs. Bonham Carter was, before her marriage, Miss Hunter, and she is the eldest daughter of Colonel King Hunter, late of the South Wales Borderers. The bridegroom, who was home on very short leave, is the eldest son of Colonel H. Bonham Carter, Royal Engineers.—[Photograph by C. Vandyk, Ltd.]

THE CRANBORNE-CAVENDISH AND ROMILLY-HOZIER WEDDINGS.



WITH BEST MAN, MAIDS, AND ATTENDANTS: THE WEDDING GROUP OF LIEUT. VISCOUNT CRANBORNE AND MISS BETTY CAVENDISH.



AN INTERESTING WEDDING AT THE GUARDS' CHAPEL: LIEUT.-COLONEL ROMILLY, D.S.O., AND MISS NELLIE HOZIER—A WEDDING GROUP.

It is not often, save in the course of a particularly busy London season, that two such interesting weddings take place in the same week as those which we illustrate. That of Viscount Cranborne, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury, to Miss Betty Cavendish, eldest daughter of Lord Richard and Lady Moyra Cavendish, was a "quiet" war-wedding celebrated on Dec. 8, at Cartmel Priory Church, Lancashire. The bride was given away by her father, and Second Lieutenant Arthur Penn, of Lord Cranborne's regiment, was the best man. Our photograph shows the Bride and Bridegroom, Mr. Arthur Penn, Miss Phyllis Astor, and Miss Diana Cavendish (the two little girls in front), Miss Alix

and Miss Mary Cavendish, who also are sisters of the bride, Lady Dorothy Cavendish (a cousin of the bride), Miss Mollie Lascelles, Miss Helen Cecil, and the Hon. Edith Smith, daughter of Lord and Lady Hambleden. The other interesting wedding was that of Miss Nellie Hozier, sister of Mrs. Winston Churchill, and daughter of the late Colonel Sir Henry Montague Hozier, K.C.B., and Lady Blanche Hozier, to Lieutenant-Colonel Bertram Romilly, D.S.O., of the Scots Guards. Our photograph shows the bride and bridegroom, with the three little attendants of the bride, Miss Diana Churchill, Master Randolph Churchill (children of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill), Master John Churchill, Lady Gwendeline Churchill's son.

CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE Queen likes her Delhi statue, but she had already seen herself done by Sir George Frampton (for Calcutta), and was therefore even more interested in the sculptor's first ideas for the Cavell Memorial. Sir George's studio, besides, is eminently worth visiting, being everything that a studio should be. It has the attractive look of the workshop, and is without those Eastern affectations that used to be the fashion in St. John's Wood. Sir George himself has never settled down into the approved ways of the top-hatted, knightly Academician. Neither his honours nor the drill-sergeant at Burlington House have deprived him of his unconventionality. He is still the Peter Pan of the Academy, and "Who's Who" itself does not presume to name the year of his birth.

"Are We Still Welcome?" It is a commonplace of subscription-lists that Sir Ernest Cassel's name should come first. Other people may have the advantage of him alphabetically, but he holds precedence in liberality. For once, however, he is beaten both ways. Mr. William Waldorf Astor's twenty thousand to the Mansion House Red Cross and Order of St. John Fund comes in a good first. One of Sir Ernest's chief benefactions in the past was a fifty-thousand Christmas present to the hospitals; and out of the first day's subscriptions to the King Edward Memorial he subscribed five thousand out of a grand total of eight!



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT RICHARD M. WOOTTEN: MISS VERA WORMALD.

The wedding of Miss Vera Wormald is arranged to take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Dec. 16. Lieutenant (Acting Adjutant) Richard M. Wootten is in the Inniskilling Dragoons.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



MARRIED ON DEC. 9: MRS. T. W. PRAGNELL.

Miss Ida Goulding (Mrs. T. W. Pragnell), whose marriage to Captain T. W. Pragnell was arranged to take place at St. Michael's, Clane, on Thursday last, is the youngest daughter of Sir William and Lady Goulding, of Millicent, Sallins, Co. Kildare. Captain Pragnell is in the 4th Hussars.—[Photo. by Lafayette.]

It was just after the late King's death that Max perpetrated his cartoon of Sir Ernest and other Edwardian favourites gingerly approaching the new Monarch with the query: "Are we still welcome?" It is not secretaries of hospitals only who answer in the affirmative.

Lady Blanche Somerset. It is not a propitious year for débutantes, if to be one spells a passion for dances and ices. But Lady Blanche Somerset has no use for those stuffy pleasures. At all times her chief recreation is riding, and now this is especially true, open air being the best medicine for the inevitable war-time depressions. One of her half-brothers, Captain Maurice de Tuyll, was killed early in the year.

Badminton "Sports." Lady Blanche followed the hounds as soon as she was able to ride anything big enough to cover the Badminton country; and her brother, now fifteen years old, was first given the command of a pack of harriers by his father five years ago! The Duke himself, the finest amateur huntsman in the Kingdom, of necessity uses only a heavy-weight's mounts, but his stables have always been well supplied with the

smaller and leaner animals affected by the younger members of the family, who left the fat pony and guide-rope stage behind almost as soon as they gave up their cradles. It was during the more tentative period of aviation in England that the Duchess travelled over the chimneys of Badminton in a biplane, and allowed her daughters to do likewise.

Leaving Town. Mrs. George Swinton and her husband are giving up their house in Hyde Park Street, and will live for the most part at Gattonside House, Melrose. In Mrs. George Swinton London loses one of its few really accomplished amateur singers, and in Captain Swinton an expert who has done a great deal to ease the difficulties of town traffic. Both were, for a great part of the year at any rate, thorough-going Londoners, knowing and known by everybody. Theirs is but one of many departures, for the relinquishing of town houses has been going on apace during the last month or two.

The Raglan Fair. Lord and Lady Raglan, on the other hand, are taking a house in Great Stanhope Street for the winter months. It is interesting to note that the sale of the effects of Lord Raglan's aunt was most satisfactory, and proved that the price of rare stuff in the way of furniture and bric-à-brac is hardly affected by the war. American buyers, or American commissions, turned up in good force, somewhat unexpectedly, and, with an even more surprising keenness on the part of French experts, forced English collectors who secured choice



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT R. DOUGLAS KING-HARMAN, R.N.: MISS LILY MOFFATT.

Miss Moffatt is the daughter of Mr. Alexander Moffatt, Sheriff Substitute of Stirlingshire, Arnotdale, Falkirk. Lieutenant King-Harman is the younger son of Sir Charles King-Harman, K.C.M.G., of Moorfields, Nailsea, Somerset.

Photograph by Swaine.

a month or more back, though at the time it was surmised that only an American could have paid so expensive an Earl's price for so great a picture. Son of the famous Sir Frederick, and husband of a charming lady of Viscount Bridport's family, Mr. Cook has business premises near St. Paul's, and is a member of the Athenæum, of the Hurlingham, and of the club where his Guardi now reposes.



AN ACTIVE WORKER FOR THE WOUNDED: MRS. McDOUGAL.

Mrs. McDougal is the organiser of the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Corps, which is doing valuable work, whose headquarters are at Earl's Court Road, S.W. The War Office has accepted the Corps as a Motor-Ambulance Convoy for British Wounded. Mrs. McDougal has organised and financed the Corps during the last six years.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

lots to do so at an expenditure all in defiance of the Chancellor's exhortations on economy.

The Art of Picking Up. Go to the Burlington Fine Arts Club exhibition, if the choicest pictures and furniture mean much to you; but by no means go without a permit. I have known the janitor refuse admittance to a bishop—a bishop fully attested by gaiters, apron, and a wife—until some kindly member, a mere heathenish dilettante, took the Church and its lady under his wing and escorted them upstairs. At the present moment one of the chief attractions of a room that has so often been stocked full of treasures is Mr. Frederick Cook's brilliant Guardi, which he had the good fortune (it probably needed a very good fortune!) to pick up, as the saying is, in Russia.

A Great Connoisseur.

Mr. Cook is reputed the greatest of war-time adventurers in pictures. He it was, as we now know, who bought Earl Spencer's Rembrandt

UNDER THE RED CROSS: A NURSE OF THE WOUNDED.



An Earl's Daughter who is "Doing her Bit."

FIRST AT GUY'S; THEN IN YORKSHIRE; NOW IN LONDON ON HOSPITAL WORK: LADY MURIEL BERTIE.

From the very outbreak of the war, the only child of the Earl and Countess of Lindsey, Lady Muriel Bertie, has given up her time to the care of the wounded. She set herself earnestly to qualify for her self-appointed duties, and studied nursing, first at Guy's, then at a hospital in Yorkshire, and is now back again in London. Lady

Muriel is only twenty-two. Her mother, the Countess of Lindsey, was, at the time of her marriage to the Earl, in 1890, Miss Millicent Cox, eldest daughter of Mr. J. C. Cox, of Craig Cruich, Sydney, New South Wales. The Earl of Lindsey was A.D.C. to Earl Carrington when the latter was Governor of New South Wales.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



THE CLUBMAN

SIR SPENCER PONSONBY FANE'S CRICKET: TOM TAYLOR AND THE OLD STAGERS: "BAKER'S" GOING.

Links with the Past.

Two links with the past have been severed in the death of Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane and in the disappearance of Baker's chop-house from Change Alley. Dining once at the Naval and Military Club in the company of Sir Spencer, he, after dinner, strolled through the house with our host and told us of the differences between the modern club and the mansion as he remembered it in Lord Palmerston's time, for he was private secretary to that great man. I was surprised at the time at his wonderful memory for the minutest details of things of the past, and, indeed, he had a very wonderful memory.

A Perfect Courtier.

Sir Spencer had many facets to his life. He knew more regarding the etiquette of Courts than any other man in Great Britain, and he had a great wish to die in official harness. On the occasion of the King's last visit to Ireland Sir Spencer was intensely anxious to go with him in his official capacity, but his Majesty thought that this would be too great a strain to place upon the octogenarian. Sir Spencer was, in addition to being the perfect courtier, an admirable cricketer in his early days, and one of the best amateur actors I have ever seen. He was little more than a curly-headed boy when, with his brother and a band of other young men, mostly from Cambridge, he went to Ramsgate by sailing-packet, and thence on to Canterbury by coach, to play cricket against the Gentlemen of Kent and to act in the evenings on the stage of the old theatre in Orange Street.

Stories of the Old Stagers.

It was pleasant during Canterbury Week to sit at supper with the Old Stagers after one of their performances and to hear Sir Spencer chat of the days, nearly three-quarters of a century ago, when the I Zingari Club sprang into existence, and when that band of young amateur cricketers, finding that their play-acting was appreciated in Canterbury, called themselves the Old Stagers, and on their play-bills called attention to the number of successive years in which they had acted at Canterbury.

Tom Taylor.

Tom Taylor, the dramatist and the editor of *Punch*, was generally the hero of Sir Spencer's stories of Canterbury, and I have no doubt that, had Tom Taylor been alive, Sir Spencer would have been the hero of his stories. They were funny fellows on the stage, these first Old Stagers, and they amused themselves at the Fountain Hotel just as much as they amused their audiences at the theatre. Tom Taylor was the master of the revels, and Sir Spencer was his principal assistant. One year they anticipated Bernard Shaw by presenting after supper a most moving tableau of "Androcles and the Lion." Another year Tom Taylor lectured on New

Zealand, then an almost unknown country, with some of his brother Old Stagers as New Zealand chiefs dancing the war-dances and singing the war-songs of their country. Another lecture the memory of which was always green with the first Old Stagers was one delivered by Tom Taylor, in atrocious French, as Du Chaillu, on the gorilla, the tame gorillas whom he introduced to his audience being most comical beasts. The success of these lectures was so great that Sir Spencer, another year, suggested a Red Indian one. There was, however, on this occasion a strike amongst the waiters at the Fountain, for they had learned that their scalping was to be part of the evening's proceedings.



AN ACTIVE-SERVICE M.P. WHO HAS REFUSED HIS PARLIAMENTARY SALARY: LIEUTENANT G. A. FRANCE, R.N.V.R.

Lieutenant Gerald Ashburner France, M.P. for the Morley Division of the West Riding, now on active service with the R.N.V.R., has taken the step of informing the Treasury that, in view of his present duties, he will not accept any Parliamentary salary during the war. He was formerly Chairman of the Old Age Pensions Committee.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Sir Spencer as a Cricketer.

I think that Sir Spencer's fame as a cricketer was a little overshadowed by that of his brother Frederick, who became the sixth Earl of Bessborough, but there is an excellent pencil sketch in the "History of Kent County Cricket" of Sir Spencer as a young man batting, his white flannel trousers carefully turned up from a pair of irreproachable shoes, and the sleeves of his white shirt also rolled up, but wearing neither pads nor gloves. He scored 54 for the Gentlemen of England against the Gentlemen of Kent in 1849, and made another big score the next year, playing again for the Gentlemen of England, when the Gentlemen of Kent won a wonderful match by one wicket. In 1856, playing for I Zingari against the Gentlemen of Kent, Sir Spencer scored 89 runs and took 8 wickets in the first innings; and, again playing for the Gentlemen of England in 1856, he scored 108 in one of the innings. "Scores and Biographies," in writing of him as being remarkably quick between wickets, adds, "but he has run himself and partner out very frequently."

Baker's.

Probably the most typical of the many chop-houses that nestle together in the alleys and courts between Cornhill and Lombard Street was Baker's, which is to be swallowed up by a neighbouring bank. Its bow-windows enshrined a selection of the good things that were to be eaten inside, and sticks of rhubarb in an old cut-glass bowl, and fish on a willow-patterned plate, and chops adorned with parsley were set out there at a companionable distance from each other. Inside the old house was a nest of boxes, and the first patrons of Baker's must have been desperately afraid of draughts. There were some good old pewter platters hung up above the fire, where the grill-cook always had a chop or two and a steak almost ready for a customer in a hurry; while those who had time to spare picked out their own chop or their own steak from amongst the uncooked ones on a wooden box. The dishes and plates at Baker's were all of willow pattern, and the food was all good old English food. Among the specialties of Baker's were tiny closed fruit-tarts, each one just big enough for one man's consumption.



THE NEW ROYAL ACADEMICIAN: MR. CHARLES SIMS.

The new R.A. is a Londoner by birth, forty-two, and a son-in-law of the late John MacWhirter, R.A. He first exhibited at the Academy in 1894, and his 1906 picture, "Childhood," is at the Luxembourg. Works from his brush are in the Chantry Bequest Collection, and in the art galleries of Bristol, Leeds, Christchurch, New Zealand, Durban, and New South Wales.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

CRISPI AND FOIL: A VIVACIOUS "TURN."



IN "VAUDEVILLE MIXTURE": MISS IDA CRISPI—AND MR. CHARLES NORTON.

Miss Ida Crispi is familiar to readers of "The Sketch" for the excellent work she did at the Empire and elsewhere, particularly in association with Mr. Fred Farren.

Her present tour is very, and deservedly, successful. Mr. Norton is a first-rate foil to her, his Svengali make-up being singularly effective.

LEST WE FORGET.



THE MAJOR: That was a fine action of yours. You'll get the D.C.M. at least. But why were you so reckless in face of so many of the enemy?

EX-CINEMA HERO: I forgot I wasn't doing it for the pictures, Sir.

DRAWN BY A. E. THORNE.



MOTHER: Don't you know it's rude to come in without knocking, Bobby?

BOBBY: It's all right, Mummy. I've known you quite a long time.

DRAWN BY THOMAS HENRY.

ACTIVE IN THE BALTIC: A WINNER OF THE RUSSIAN "V.C."



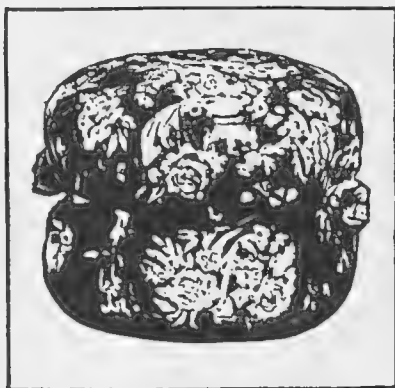
THE POLITE SINKER OF THE GERMAN CRUISER "UNDINE": LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER F. N. A. CROMIE,
COMMANDER OF THE "E 19."

Much interest has been taken in the activity of British submarines in the Baltic; and, for example, the torpedoing and sinking of the German cruiser "Undine" was important not only in itself, but as additional proof of the power of our under-water craft in those waters. Lieutenant-Commander F. N. A. Cromie, the commander of "E 19," operating in the Baltic, was personally decorated by the Emperor of Russia with the famous Cross of St. George, often called the Russian Victoria Cross. "E 19" had only been in commission about a month when she forced her way into the Baltic

against great odds, and for this feat Lieutenant-Commander Cromie was awarded the Cross of St. Vladimir with swords. Since then the "E 19" has "bagged" the "Undine" and some ten merchant-ships destroyed or driven ashore. It is good to be able to add, by the way, that the treatment meted out to his prisoners by the Lieutenant-Commander caused them to cheer him from their boats, even while their ship was sinking. Lieutenant-Commander Cromie joined the submarine service twelve years ago.

USEFUL GIFTS for XMAS

inexpensively priced at Waring & Gillow's.



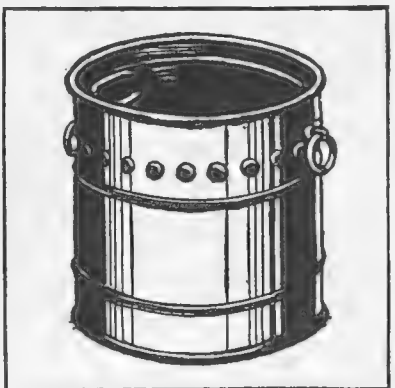
POUFFE OTTOMAN.

Covered with rich printed velvet in a Chippendale design on black background. A handy and highly ornamental Ottoman at a reasonable price. 13/6.



PLANT STAND.

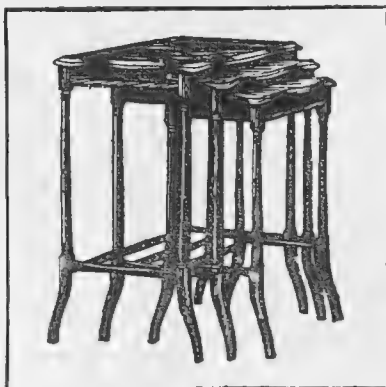
Soundly made in solid mahogany, with brass holder and shelf. Makes a most practical gift which will be appreciated for years. £3 : 17 : 6.



COAL VASE.

Rough armour bright Coal Vase complete with lining. 21/9. Also in brass. 27/6, and antique copper. 30/-

IN normal times one would choose the purely ornamental in preference to the useful. This Christmas however, gifts of the latter description hold full sway.



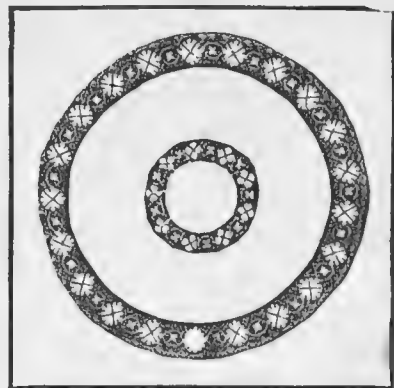
MAHOGANY INLAID NEST TABLES.

Inlaid Mahogany Nest of three Tea Tables. Large table, 22 by 14½ in. Small table, 16 by 11½ in. Beautifully finished and very steady in use. £2 : 10.

MAKE a pleasure-visit to our Galleries and see what a host of really practical gifts there are—and quite inexpensive, too. Here you get a quality article which bears the unmistakable stamp of style & taste.

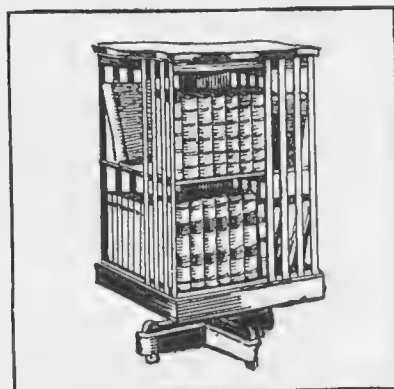
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A beautiful Centre-Piece in reproduction Lace and linen. 6 in. round, 9/6 doz.; 12 in. round, 18/9 doz.; 24 in. round, 4/6 each; 36 in. round, 9/11 each; 48 in. round, 12/6 each; 36 in. square, 14/9 each; 48 in. square, 21/- each.



REVOLVING BOOK CASE.

Mahogany inlaid two-tier Revolving Book Case, on castors. Shaped top, inlaid with satin-wood bands and boxwood lines. Height 2 ft. 9 in. Top 21 in. £3 : 3 : 0.



CARD TABLE.

Two-fold Card Table, lined top. Size closed, 15 by 21 in. open, 30 by 21 in. Plain mahogany £2 : 2 : 0. Inlaid mahogany £2 : 5 : 0. A most useful gift.

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THE PUPPE - DOLL !



THE CUSTOMER (*suspiciously*): Is this an English doll?

THE SHOPKEEPER: Oh, yes; Madam! Naturalised!

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

New Notes in Underlinen.

The war has given to underclothes an importance they did not possess in the last years of peace. Not that any woman with an instinct for dress ever did regard her *dessous* as a negligible matter, even when the "hobble" gown reduced it to a negligible quantity as far as dimensions went, routed the petticoat, and put the frill to flight. Now things are all the other way. The skirt has receded and enlarged its horizon, and, having regained its old latitude, the petticoat offers quite a pretty problem, which every woman may solve according to her individual taste. For one result of the simplicity which is the prevailing note in dress just now has been to turn woman's thoughts inwards, as it were. The greater the reserve shown by the frock, the greater the *abandon* of the petticoat. Whereas it is required of the outdoor gown that it shall be more or less substantial—substantial as dress-materials go these days—of the *robe intime* loveliness only is demanded—the loveliness that lies in the union of tulle and lace, with chiffon superadded, ribbons to crown all, and

gold or silver cords and embroideries to give the pretence of substance to ethereal lightness, with the net result that the whole is an imponderable mass of indiscretion whose gauzy folds suggest rather than veil the layers of beauty which lie beneath it. Having gained recognition, the petticoat is now the subject of lavish care and attention. It emerges in some new form almost every week. Sometimes it foams round the figure as a fluffy and wayward mass of tulle simply decked with restraining frills of silk or satin. Sometimes it appears as Dolores has sketched it here, its shimmering satin surface broken

only by the rippling ruches which mount upwards from the hem and are held by strands of fur. Were it not for the *négligé* coat, you might take it for a party frock.

Garlanded Underwear.

The wrap itself is a gossamer thing of chiffon and fur.

Its simplicity serves as an excellent foil for the elaborate beauty of the camisole beneath, the main feature of which is the delicate tracery of garlands and tiny satin flowers which covers its surface. Ribbon slotting, once considered the necessary adjunct to underwear, has, as readers of this page already know, recently been eclipsed by fur. A new and formidable rival to both is the posy or the garland which nestles at the waist or shoulder,

trails gracefully round the hem, or clasps the leg in a flowery embrace.

Enter the Pantalette.

A liberal display of the understanding is, as every woman knows, the necessary complement of every well-thought-out scheme of dress. Eliminate it, and dowdiness is the result. At some future date our ankles may resume their old, sheltered existence. Just now unblushing publicity is their lot, and, on the whole, they support it very well. But in the boudoir things are different. There discretion is deemed better than display. If you decide that your boudoir toilette is to be of the abbreviated order, why then you provide yourself with a pair of pantalettes, fascinating and frivolous and charming, like those you see here, which have no resemblance whatever to their cousins of the last century. A bewildering compound of tulle and lace and artificial flowers, they slip on below the knee and flounce downwards towards the ankle, until the prettiest of boot or slipper bars their further progress. If you like them, go to the Regent Street house of Messrs. Peter Robinson, where you may also study the camisole, the petticoat, and allied creations.

The Charm of the Stocking.

These pantalettes are worn over the hose—beauty in the boudoir believes in adornment—and the boudoir stocking is at least as important as the one which walks outside it. Here you see an example of the cobweb order enriched with jewelled spiders, with a brilliant finish in the form of a jewelled garter; while the vogue for mascots, charms, and lucky numbers is reflected in a more serviceable variety upon which a band of golden silk is embroidered with a "lucky 13" pendant dangling therefrom, for 13 has lived down, so it is said, its evil reputation. Or else there is the stocking beaded to the knee in a wheatear design, or one that merely recalls a conservatory in full bloom, or another which bases its reputation on the decorative qualities of Point de Venise lace. There are all these and many others from which a choice may be made, so that in the matter of hose, at any rate, a woman has nothing of which to complain either as regards monotony of colour or lack of variety in design.

Some Gay Frocks.

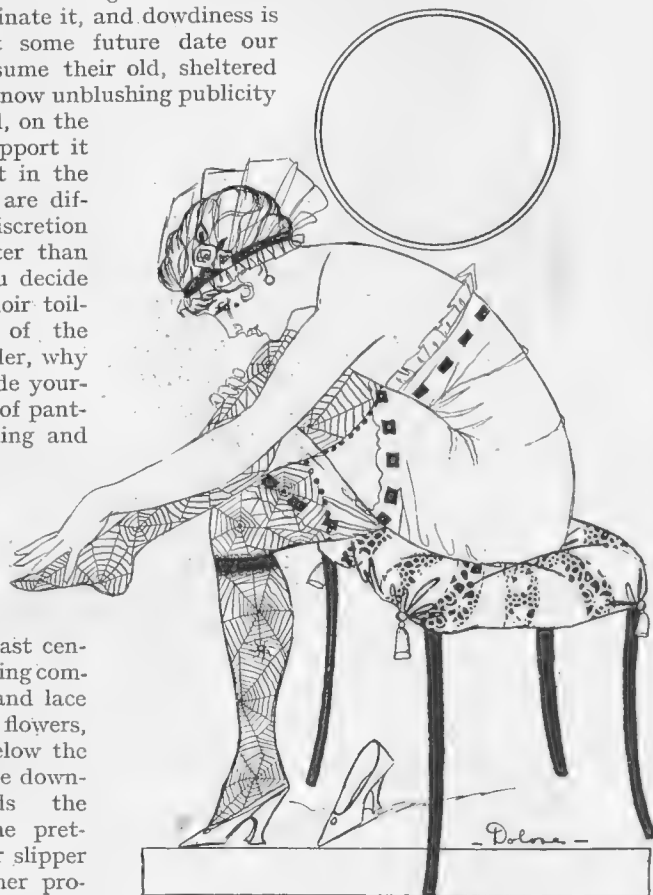
Originality of taste is not limited to the stocking. Here and there are indications that women are getting a little tired of the colour-restrictions imposed by fashion. Brightly hued dresses have been a noticeable feature at many of the charity functions where Society has been foregathering lately, and provided a welcome note of colour amidst the prevailing sobriety of tone.

A Frame for a Pretty Face.

Another instance of a variation in the war toilette is noticeable in the toque, muff, and collar. In all three brocade—not necessarily of the same shade as the gown it is to accompany—is allied to fur. The collar is an important feature. It affords a certain protection, and, more important still, provides a most becoming frame for a pretty face.



"The petticoat is now the subject of lavish care and attention... In this case its shimmering satin surface is broken only by the rippling ruches which mount upwards from the hem and are held by strands of fur. Were it not for the *négligé* coat—a gossamer thing of chiffon and fur—you might take it for a party frock."



"Beauty in the boudoir believes in adornment, and the boudoir stocking is... an example of the cobweb order enriched with jewelled spiders, with a brilliant finish in the form of a jewelled garter."

LEFT - DRESS !



THE RECRUIT (once a knut; and, by mistake, given a uniform for a man of another size): Well, if this is the get-up, the sooner they send me to the Front the better!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



IN SPANISH WATERS.

By RACHEL HAYWARD.

"L'âme d'une femme est pour cette femme même un mystère."
—Marcel Prevost.

TEN o'clock in the big downstairs room at the Café Royal, and a stifling hot night at the end of July. The usual crowd had gathered—artists and artists' models, aliens of all nationalities, cocottes with men or in pairs, shabby-looking Frenchmen who read diligently in *Le Matin* or *Le Journal*, idlers from Kensington who thought they were living the life of Bohemia.

All the women looked a little tired and haggard under the crude unshaded lights, and the air was thick with drifting clouds of smoke.

Three men sat together at a table near the door. Two were playing dominoes. All had drinks before them—a whisky-and-soda, an absinthe, a mazagran of coffee, and all three were talking at cross-purposes above the din of the room.

The two who shuffled the dominoes were obviously Londoners, town-bred and bored, and of bad physique; the third a big, brown, square-jawed dare-devil, who might have been a sailor and whose whole personality radiated the vitality and health only to be gained in the open air. He was dark as a gipsy, keen-eyed and good-humoured-looking, and all his movements had the air of assurance of a practised traveller, a man who has seen life from all sides.

He lounged back in his chair with a pipe between his teeth, and alternately surveyed the room and his companions at their game. His air of tolerant good-nature showed that he found the world and the Café Royal both satisfactory places.

"Here's luck!" he said and emptied his glass. "London's a pleasant city, after all, and I'm glad to be back again."

The man nearest to him, Alister Fenning, novelist, critic, and writer of exotic verse, thin-lipped, effeminate, *poseur*, made a peevish gesture.

"Poisonous hole!" he said briefly. "I don't know why we stay in it at all except that we have to scrape a living out of it. Paris is the only place for anyone who wants to live."

"Don't agree with you," retorted the big man, stretching out a broad, capable hand for a match. "You've got neurotic ideas from late hours, stuffy rooms, and green drinks. Chuck that rotten stuff away. It isn't a man's drink. What's the matter with this old place, anyway? Pretty women, men who mostly look as if they'd got brains even when they've got too much hair; good drinks, and a fine mix-up of all the nationalities and vices. Damned fine place for studying human nature, too."

"If you weren't just back from South America this wouldn't seem so remarkably like paradise," said Alister Fenning. "Is your schoolboy enthusiasm for the joys of London going to keep you here in August?"

"No," Ferguson answered. "I should stay if it wasn't for my little sailing-boat that's waiting for me down in Cornwall. They have a regatta there next week and——" He stopped abruptly, and rapped out, "Who is she? No, I mean the girl over there. She's bowing to you, Roylet."

"Is she?" Francis Roylet, one hand still on the dominoes, turned slowly. "Oh, yes; it's Naomi Ross. First time I've ever seen her in this place. She's alone, too."

The tall girl in a shabby blue-serge coat and skirt who had been threading her way quietly and gracefully through the crowded room slid into a seat at a corner table, and leant back as if to hide herself as much as possible.

Her eyes, large and brown as a fawn's, and nervously dilated, showed the state of her mind, her anxiety not to be seen or noticed.

"Who is she?" demanded Ferguson again. "Yes, I heard her name. I mean what is, what does she do, and what on earth is she doing here? Introduce me to her without wasting any time, or I shall introduce myself."

Francis Roylet, portrait-painter of that modern school devoted to ugliness and eccentricity, answered languidly.

"Always on the hunt, Ferguson! How should I know what Naomi's doing here to-night? Perhaps she's tired of being virtuous. I met her at Vincent Kerr's studio. She sat to him for his 'Ariadne' and 'Joan of Arc.' Both nice and respectable subjects. She's pure Greek, and I admit her colouring, though, personally, she leaves me cold. She's a lady, I believe."

"So much the better," Ferguson answered. "Be quick. She looks as if she might bolt out of this place at any minute."

He had not roamed the world for years without learning the valuable art of getting what he wanted.

Two minutes later he was sitting at the same table as the girl with the honey-coloured hair cut *en rond*, and the oval-featured, sad face.

"This is the first time you've been here," he said. It was an affirmation rather than a question.

The girl nodded, "Yes," adding: "I wonder how you knew!"

To his delight her voice was as gentle as her face, a little hollow-sounding and listless. The man's travelled experience suggested overwork and want of proper food.

"I wish there were more harems and convents in England," he thought illogically.

Aloud he said: "It's my job to notice things. It doesn't take much to tell me that you're a fish out of water here. The other nights you have gone home and been good. Isn't that true?"

He held her eyes with his own till she answered.

"Yes," she said simply. "To-night I couldn't stand it any longer, so I just drifted in here. I meant to chance what happened, and abide by it."

"Well, I've happened," Ferguson answered. "I think we're going to see more of each other. You're out for adventures, and so am I. You're out of a job?"

"I haven't had work for six weeks. I was a model."

"I know. Roylet told me. Has no one wanted to carry you off to his cave?"

He watched the girl's left hand clench as it lay on the table, and noticed that it bore no rings.

"There is someone," she stammered. "I hate him. He gave me work—typing—and now he threatens to turn me out." Her voice broke. "That's why I came in here to-night. I wanted something to happen. I'm tired of fighting London any longer."

"And this particular bit of London has made his pile by doing people in the City, and has a bald head and a beard," Ferguson finished cheerfully. His knowledge of women told him that she was on the verge of a hysterical collapse.

He ordered sandwiches and brandy-and-soda, and made her eat and drink while he talked light nonsense. When she had finished, laughter had come back to the fawn-like eyes and colour to her mouth, which had a short upper lip, curved like the Indian bow.

Before the lights in the Café Royal began to go out Ferguson had made up his mind.

"She is a woman, therefore to be won." Who had said that? Someone who knew women, and knew that, one and all alike, they have their moment. "She is a woman"—the whole of feminine psychology was in those two lines.

Besides, he was more in love than he had ever been in all his roving life before.

He put her into a taxi, and wisely did not attempt to go with her. She told him her address in Baron's Court.

"You'll dine with me to-morrow night I hope," he said, and she had promised quietly and without any affectation of embarrassment.

Meeting her again the following evening, he came, after his fashion, straight to the point.

"I'm going down to Cornwall to-morrow," he told her. "My yacht's been waiting there these last few days. It's going to be glorious weather down there—hot sun, blue skies, perhaps just enough of a breeze to cream the water and make the *Clytie* dip up and down like a sea-bird. Lord, it makes me crazy to think of it! I can go back years, and remember what I felt when I was a youngster in the Navy, and we got South and into Spanish waters."

Naomi leant forward, her elbows on the table, her chin cupped in her hands, her great eyes glowing.

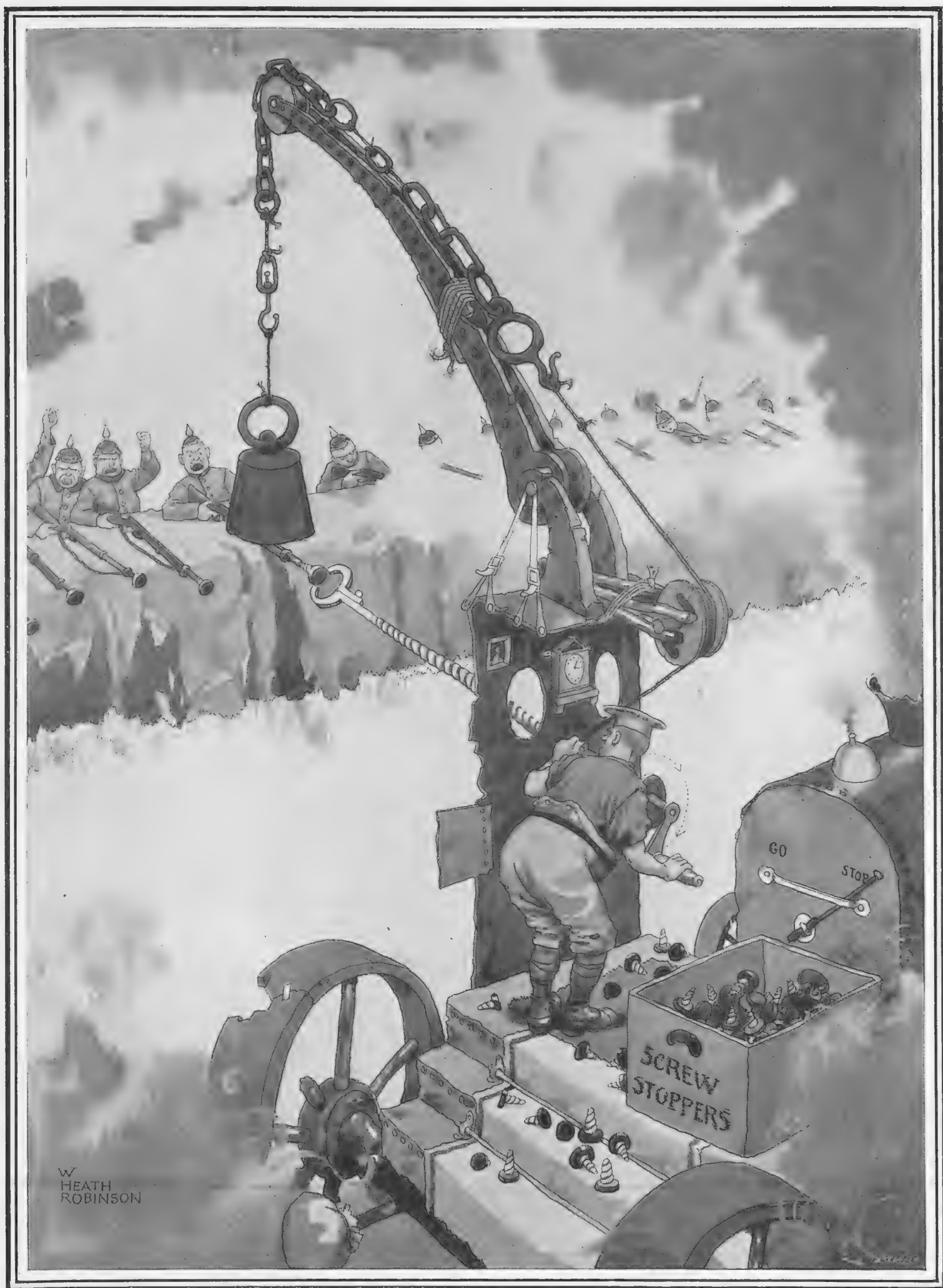
"In Spanish waters!" she repeated under her breath.

Ferguson looked up sharply. He had struck the right note at last.

"Yes! What does that say to you?"

[Continued overleaf.]

Rejected by the Inventions Board.



III.—A DEVICE FOR SCREW-STOPPERING THE ENEMY'S RIFLES.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHT IN U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

"Freedom, intoxication, open air—all the things I've pined and suffocated for in London. And—I—I belong to Cornwall! Roses and camellias grow there in the winter out-of-doors, and there's a little bay with silver-sand—I've been breaking my heart for Cornwall all the summer!"

"Have you, by Gad! Then you'll come with me. I won't take no for an answer. You will, do you hear, if I have to carry you off as women were carried in the old days. Men had some sense then. They didn't waste time and fiddle about over their love-making. I should have asked you sooner or later; and what's the good of wasting the summer? You're not afraid? Have you got the pluck to come and run all the risks, take all the chances? Just a cruise in Spanish waters. But when one puts out to sea one can't be certain that the wind will be fair all the time. One must take chances. You're at the end of your tether. If it isn't me it will be some other man soon. You're a woman!"

Naomi Ross looked at him clear-eyed across the table.

"I'm not afraid," she said quietly. "I'll come, and on your conditions."

They gripped hands like two men.

Then Ferguson lifted his glass.

"Here's to our adventure!" he said. "A fair wind and sunshine!" He laughed. "I'm a rough beast. I haven't made love to you in the orthodox way, have I? Did I ever tell you you are the Most Beautiful Thing That Ever Happened?"

A fortnight later they were lying in an anchored boat half-way up an estuary that ran from the harbour miles up into the land. The day was one of drowsy summer.

On either side of the water green fields and heather-covered slopes shimmered in the heat. In the distance they could hear the clanging hammers and long-drawn chanties of the sailors of all nations who worked at ship-repairing down in the harbour.

Ferguson, smoking a pipe and very much at his ease, looked down at the girl, who lay hatless, with the sun on her honey-coloured hair, her chin supported in her hands, and absorbed in a book.

His luck was in, he told himself exultantly. What a girl to go gipsying with! More like a boy in some ways, always amiable, quiet, and plucky—the charm of a woman, the frankness of a man, and with brains in her beautiful Greek head. Never asked questions, never fussed, and knew almost as much about a boat as he did himself. As straight as a line—and passionate, too, under all her quietness.

A lover when he wanted one, a companion when he did not.

Ferguson had known women enough to make his verdict that of a connoisseur. But he was puzzled.

In spite of all his experience, he hadn't fathomed this woman yet.

He knew he was her first lover, and yet she had come away with him after two meetings, and without a protest or any talk of injured virtue.

All the other women he had ever known had bargained in some way or another. Yet he couldn't tell whether this woman cared for him or not.

In a week or two more their companionship must end. His work called him. Already another exploring expedition was being planned. He hadn't told Naomi yet. Apparently she never thought or troubled about the future—just drifted gracefully through life as a swan drifts down a stream.

She had told him little about herself except what he had dragged out of her, but he knew that when she left him she would have to go on earning her living.

He remembered her cry of rapture at the sight of her native place.

It was criminal, a sin against Nature, for that flower-like thing, born for sun and light and air, to be shut up in the City hammering out her living on a typewriter. She had told him she could never go back to the studios again, and typing was more easily learnt than most things.

"It's been a glorious adventure," Ferguson said at last. "But what's to become of you, my dear, when it's all over? Girls like you are made to be married, not play the free-lance in London."

She shook back her hair, smiling wisely, a finger between the pages of her book.

"I shall manage—somehow. Do you think I regret coming?"

"What made you come?"

"I wanted to be happy," Naomi answered simply. "I had been working hard and was very tired, and I saw the joy of life was going past me. Besides, I hate cities and greyness. I belong to this." She threw out her arm in a wide and circling gesture. "Before I was a model I had been a nurse-companion; after I left Vincent Kerr's studio I served in shops. The first night I saw you you made me feel happy, made me think of the open sea, and the moors, and sunshine—everything that is real, vivid life. And I wanted so much to see Cornwall again."

"You don't care a bit for me," Ferguson snapped out jealously.

"You're in love with Cornwall—and an idea."

"I've been happy every minute of the time," the soft voice answered.

Ferguson put his hand on her shoulder.

"My dear, I only wish I could marry you—if you'd have me. But I can't. The fact is, I'm married already."

"Married!"

"Yes. Don't try to get away, but listen. It was ages ago. She was sixteen, a Chileana, straight from a convent school. I was out in Buenos Ayres at the time. We only lived together three days, and then Annunciata ran away back to her mother. She couldn't stand me at all, and she bored me to bad language. I was younger then, and fairly intolerant. Of course, I was a fool to choose a wax doll like that. She had never spoken to a man before, and did nothing but cry and say her prayers. If I hadn't seen her behind bars I should never have wanted her. All men do mad things some time or another, I suppose." His hand pressed more heavily on Naomi's shoulder as she sat crouched at his feet. "Look here, d'you hate me? Let's have the truth."

Later on, Naomi said, "I'm going for a walk in the woods. Do you mind if I go alone?"

Ferguson, apparently intent on a pipe that would not draw, nodded, and answered with a careless "All right."

When he had rowed her ashore, he looked after her, smiling wisely. He knew that wounded human beings, as well as animals, seek darkness and solitude.

When Naomi returned through the star-lit, flower-scented dusk, she was greeted at the door by the woman who owned the cottage where she lodged.

In the broad Cornish dialect the kindly dame explained that Ferguson had left two hours ago, motoring to the nearest town to catch a train for London. He had said he would be away for two days, and had taken a small portmanteau, and had left neither address nor letter.

Naomi said nothing. She went upstairs to the room they had shared, an airy, sunny place with a balcony overlooking the harbour, and shut herself in.

The next morning found her sitting on the floor beside the open window, rocking herself to and fro, and staring out to sea with great tearless eyes.

The weather had broken, and a grey mist blotted out the steep streets and little fishing village opposite; the chill rain streamed down, and in the harbour below the *Clytie* rode at anchor, with sea-gulls screaming and hovering round her.

Naomi looked and shivered, feeling that all the colour and sunshine were blotted out in her life, as they were to-day in Nature.

Her world lay in ruins about her; Ferguson's going could only mean one thing, she told herself. It was a man's way of ending things—an indication that he feared a scene. And she had meant to be the one who would slip away first, who would do nothing to spoil the bargain they had made at the Café Royal.

She had wanted so much to show him that a woman can be as generous as a man. He had given her her heart's desire—rest and joy, and sunshine for her starved body and soul—and she wanted to show him she could be grateful enough not to want an anti-climax or a sixth act.

If she had cared for him more and more every day, that was her own affair.

Obviously he had only wanted an episode and only regarded her as the companion of a charming adventure.

In any case it could be nothing more, for he was married. Fierce jealousy possessed her as she thought of the other woman, that half-fledged, bloodless thing who did not know what giving meant. The knowledge of Annunciata's existence had spoilt everything, made everything seem ugly.

She must go away to-morrow, and take up her own grey life once more.

The Summer Dream was over.

In a London hotel Ferguson sat writing to her. Earlier in the day he had sent a wire.

His letter ended—

"I said I'd be away for two days. It takes that much time to get a ring and a license, and make a few of the arrangements that are generally considered necessary to a wedding. How surprised you'll be when you know you are going to be the bride!"

"Annunciata won't mind, for the very simple reason that she doesn't exist—and never did! She was an artistic creation conceived for the purpose of finding out whether you really cared or not. I am extremely proud of her."

"You were so anxious to keep to your part of the bargain, to let me think you only looked upon all this as an episode, that you rather overdid things. Besides, there were other signs. As I once told you, it's my business to notice things."

"Mrs. Trevenna is to a certain extent in my confidence, and will tell me if you try to run away. If you do, I'll find you and make you marry me—be very sure of that!"

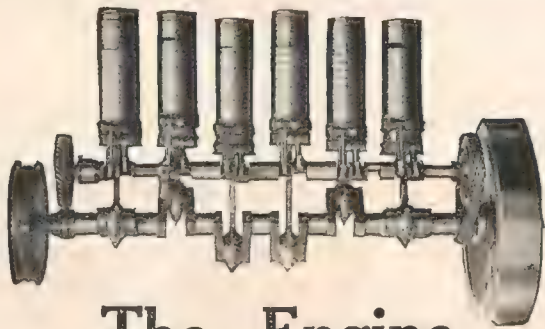
"It's a pity that we can't be married across the tongs—it would be a more fitting end to our adventure than the Registry Office arrangement, which I fear will be a mighty unpicturesque ceremony. But you must make the best of it—and me."

"Forgive me for leaving you. There is method in my madness. Women never really know their own minds till they are left alone."

"We'll have a longer cruise this time."

"Once aboard the lugger——!"

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To Brighton from Victoria 9.0, 10.5, 11.0, 11.40 a.m., 1.0 (Sats.), 1.55, 3.10, 4.30, 5.35, 6.35, 7.15, 8.35, 9.5, 10.30 p.m. 12.5 midnight; from London Bridge 9.7, 9.50, 10.32, 11.50 a.m., 1.20 (Sats.), 2.0, 4.0, 5.0, 5.56, 7.20, 9.13, 10.30 p.m.

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Tonbridge	1 23	Sittingbourne ..	2 7
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Bexhill	2 29	Faversham	2 19
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St. Leonards	2 31	Herne Bay	2 41
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Maidstone	2 15	Margate West	3 9
Ashford	2 14	Broadstairs	3 19
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Ramsgate Town	3 40	Canterbury East ..	2 44
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CHRISTMAS DAY.—The Ordinary Sunday Service will run, with certain exceptions.

For full particulars as to Train Services during the Holidays, see Special Train Service Supplement.

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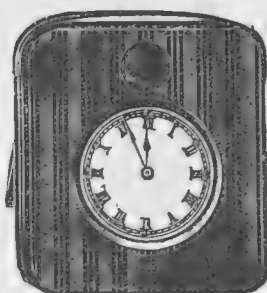
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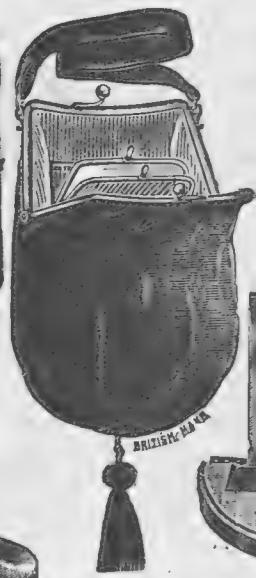
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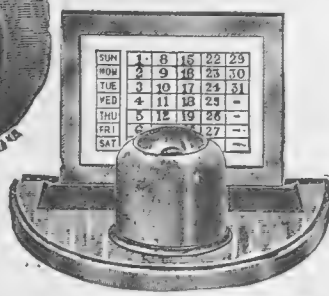
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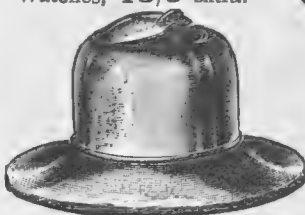
Lady's Black Moire Hand Bag With inner division. 6/11



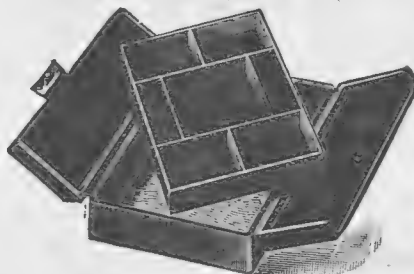
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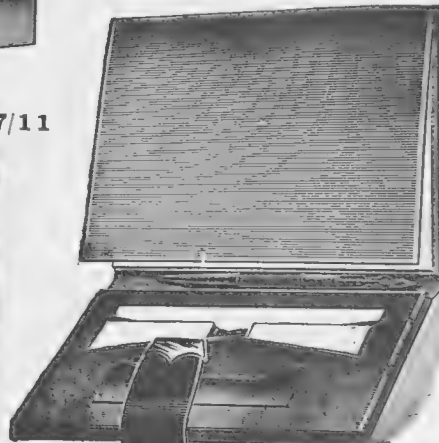
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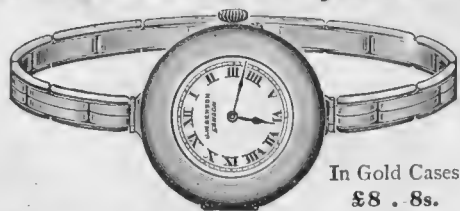


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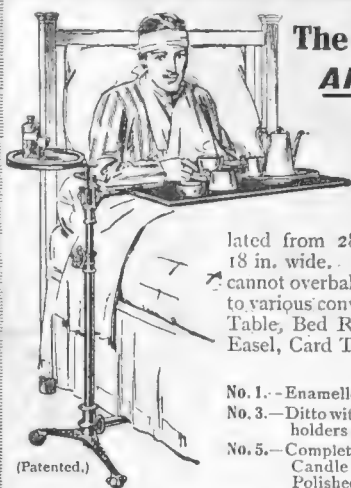
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AN IDEAL XMAS GIFT

Can be instantly raised, lowered, or inclined. It extends over bed, couch, or chair without touching it, and is the ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. By pressing a button the Top can be adjusted to various inclinations. The height can be regulated from 28 in. to 43 in. The top is 27 in. long by 18 in. wide. It is always in alignment with the base and cannot overbalance. The "Adapta" is instantly adjustable to various convenient uses, such as Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, &c. British made.

PRICES.

- No. 1. - Enamelled Metal Parts, with Polished Wood Top £1 7 6
- No. 3. - Ditto with adjustable Side Tray, Automatic Book-holders and Polished Oak Top (as Illustrated) £2 5 0
- No. 5. - Complete as No. 3, but fitted with a detachable Candle Sconce, and all metal parts finished in Polished Brass £3 12 6

AN IDEAL GIFT FOR A SICK OR WOUNDED FRIEND.

Carriage Paid in Great Britain. BOOKLET A 13 FREE.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd., 171, New Bond Street, London, W.



The Most Charming Place
in London.

FORMOSA OOLONG
TEA ROOMS

36, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

Charges Moderate. Service Admirable.
Music Daily. Open on Sundays for Teas only.

LUNCHEONS, TEAS, & DINNERS.

Here you can obtain
the World - Famous

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA

PURE 2/10, 3/10.

BLEND 2/7, 3/4, 4/4

Formosa Oolong Teas (Pure & Blended) can be obtained at Ridgways, Ltd., London; R. Twining & Co., Ltd., London; and Andru, Melrose & Co., Edinburgh; and their branches and agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

JEWELLERS



SILVERSMITHS

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE LTD (A.B. SAVORY & SONS)
(Established 1751)

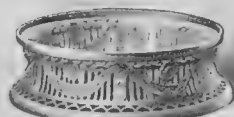
Useful Christmas Presents.

THESE illustrations indicate that articles of practical character are obtainable at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company equally with those designed for decorative or ornamental use. Highest quality and reasonable prices mark these examples in the same degree as prevail in all the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's productions.

A Catalogue illustrated with useful suggestions for Christmas Presents will be sent post free.



Regent Plate Mounted Preserve Jar, with Automatic Lid, Complete with Spoon, 11/6



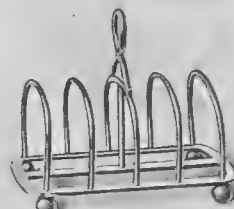
Solid Silver Richly Pierced and Chased Butter or Preserve Dish, with Glass Lining. Diameter, 3 1/2 in. £1 8 6



Solid Silver Mustard Pot with Blue Glass Lining, £1 3 6 Spoon, 3/6 extra.



Solid Silver, elegantly pierced Bon-Bon Dish, £1 2 6



Individual Toast Rack, Solid Silver, 18/6



Child's Solid Silver Mug Copy of Antique. 1/2-pint size, £1 17 6



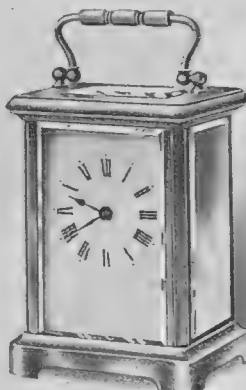
Table Cigar Lamp, with Dippers, Solid Silver, £1 15 0



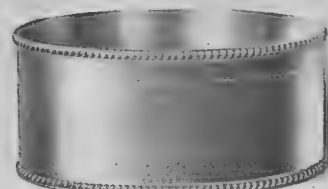
Solid Silver After-Dinner Coffee Pot, £3 12 6 Hot Milk Jug to match, £3 12 6



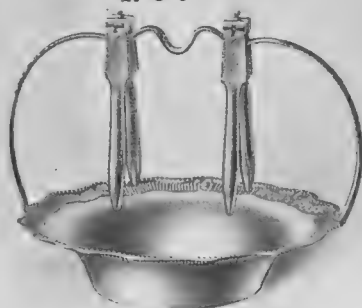
Solid Silver Tea Strainer, Copy of Antique. Complete with Solid Silver Bowl, £1 6 6



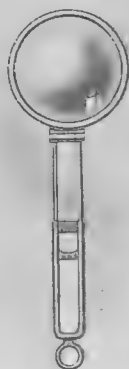
8-Day Gilt Travelling Clock, complete in Case, 22/6 With Lever Movement, 35/-



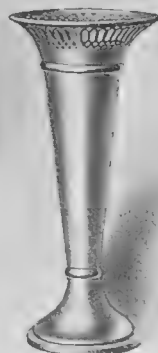
Regent Plate Oval Biscuit Box with Silver Edges. Copy of Antique, £2 5 0 Solid Silver, £3 5 0



Regent Plate Nut Dish with Pierced Border, Complete with two pairs Nut Crackers, £1 5 0



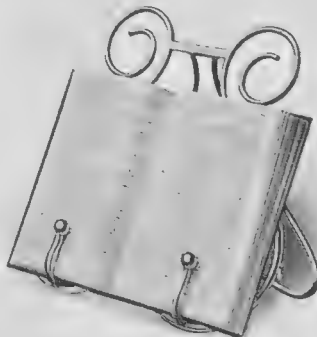
Pocket Reading Glass with Extending Handle. Folds up for pocket. Diameter, 2 in. Solid Silver, £1 10 0



Solid Silver Flower Vase with Pierced Top. Height, 7 1/2 in. 15/-



Individual Invalid Chop or Entrée Dish, with Hot-Water Compartment. Diameter of Dish, 6-in. Regent Plate, £1 5 0



Newspaper or Book Stand. Very useful for Invalids. Regent Plate, 12/6 Only address:



Regent Plate Dish, with Inner and Outer Covers. Can be used as a Muffin Dish or Chop Dish, £1 0 0

112, Regent Street, London, W.



Send a pen that does not need a filler

A filler is bound to get broken at the Front. The Onoto needs no filler; it fills itself from any ink supply, and cleans the nib while filling.

The Onoto never leaks in

any position. You send it out to your friend at the Front full of ink ready for immediate use.

The Military-size Onoto Pen is just the right size for a soldier's pocket.

The Onoto Pen is a British invention, produced by a British Company with British Capital. It stands alone as the one really satisfactory Self-filling Safety Pen.

Onoto

THE Pen

The Right Christmas Present for the
Front—and at Home.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD.

Black Vulcanite, 10/6
Two Gold Bands, 17/6
Also a wide range up to
£5 5 0

N Size Military Size

Do not make the mistake of sending the wrong kind of Pen to the front. Send an Onoto, the Pen the soldier wants because it never leaks, needs no filler, and is always ready for use. You send it out full of ink ready to write. The Military size exactly fits the Soldier's Pocket.



Evenings at Home

AT HOME we may still extend hospitality to our friends without committing a breach of the Law and more than ever do we look forward to the glowing fire, the drawn curtains and the snug armchair.

At home we always look for what is best. We are certain of having it if we select Stewart's as our home Whisky. Its undoubted refinement, purity and wholesomeness, as well as its distinctive flavour makes it essentially a Whisky for the home.

In particular it will appeal to your discriminating friends.

Three Brands of different Ages :

"GOLD MEDAL" is a fully matured Whisky of good character, smooth and mellow, over 7 years old. 4/3 per bottle. 51/- per case.

"FINEST" is for those who prefer very old-matured Whisky, over 10 years old. 4/9 per bottle. 57/- per case.

"NONPAREIL" is the most excellent 15 year-old Scotch liqueur Whisky obtainable. 5/6 per bottle. 66/- per case.

J. & G. Stewart, Ltd.

Anderson Place, Bonnington, Edinburgh ;
Temple Bar House, 23/28, Fleet Street,
London ; and at Manchester.



Why do YOU do it ?

Can you imagine why men pay **7d.** when they can buy the best Virginia Cigarette—**CRAVEN "A"**—at **6d.** for **10?**

Remember the Chancellor's advice in a recent interview—"All classes of society should realise that in exercising any possible thrift they are directly helping to shorten the war." Why don't YOU follow this timely advice?

CRAVEN "A" CIGARETTES (cork-tipped) are manufactured by Carreras, Ltd., from the finest selected matured Virginia leaf, and carry their 127 years' reputation for giving smokers the very best at a fair price. We ask you to try **CRAVEN "A" CIGARETTES** (see guarantee below), and you will find them better than any others at 7d. for 10 or any higher price.

CRAVEN "A" CIGARETTES (CORK-TIPPED)

10 for 6d. 50 for 2/3
25 „ 1/2 100 „ 4/6

If you find **CRAVEN "A"** Cigarettes do not suit you after you have smoked one—return the box to us and we will refund your money. We cannot make a fairer offer.

CRAVEN "A" $\frac{3}{4}$ ounce packet 6d.
Mixture 1 ounce packet 8d.

Obtainable of all first-class tobacconists, and at 55, Piccadilly, London, W., and 7, Wardour Street, Leicester Square, London, W.

CARRERAS, Ltd., Arcadia Works, City Road, London.



CARRERAS, LTD., ask their patrons to remember the urgent needs of the **BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY**—which brings comfort and healing to our wounded—and to send all they can spare to:—
The British Red Cross, Room 99, 83, Pall Mall, S.W.



Christmas Presents for All.

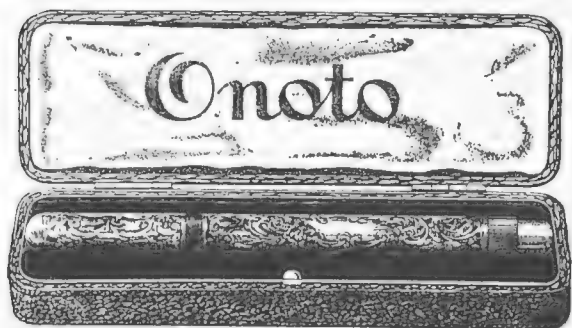
For the World's Wife.

All the world goes to Harrods' famous stores in Knightsbridge, because it is a wise old world, and knows where to get what it wants. This year of war it wants what may be called topical presents for its wife, and so Harrods' Jewellery Department is a very busy place just now; and besides, men who are on the fronts and in the ships are sending home orders for the beautiful badges made at Harrods'. In gold and enamel there are the badges of ships, corps, and regiments; these are naturally in great demand, as many of them will be handed down as heirloom souvenirs of the Great War, and the personal part played in it by friends and relatives. Those in jewels, gold, and enamel, are usually chosen. Nor are they at all expensive, for what they are. The badge of the Welsh Guards, for instance (a regiment created for the war), in enamel and diamonds, is only £8. The badges of the Air Service are beautiful, and, seeing what its members have done, and are doing, they are distinctly precious. It may be mentioned, too, that there is at Harrods' a unique display of cut and enamelled crystals which are works of art. There are cats'-heads, Pekingese dogs'-heads, stags'-heads, foxes'-masks, that are uncannily realistic; while a bee cut and enamelled is so realistic, even to the shimmer of its wings and the fur-like appearance of its brown-and-gold body, that it is difficult not to believe it a real one imprisoned there, like the fly in amber. Presents which will delight the hearts, as well as adorn the heads, of our sex are most beautiful tortoiseshell combs and pins—the heads worked with artistic designs in diamonds. These are in clear or marked shell, and are of distinguished shapes. Just now, when coiffures are so close to the head, these pins lend them a decided *cachet*; while for war-time they are not ostentatious.

De Reszkes for Our Riskers.

Nothing is the answer; and one thing is easy to provide them with—the smokes they like, and they all like de Reszkes: they are widely acknowledged as the world's favourite. To the men watching or fighting far and wide for England, home, and beauty, they mean dreams of happy days with the friends who sent them. They mean also that the sender felt that only the best was good enough, and that is a compliment subtly but satisfactorily implied in every gift of a box of de Reszkes.

What's This? A presentation Onoto pen in a silk-lined case sent by order from a man in camp somewhere in France. Not only is the pen a thing of beauty, but it will write for ever, and the sender evidently



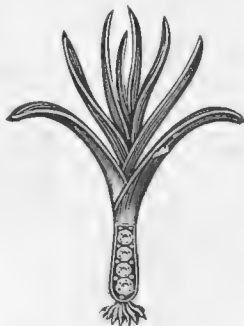
A PRACTICAL PRESENT FOR AT HOME OR THE FRONT:
THE "ONOTO PEN."
Thomas De La Rue and Co.

tunic pocket. It is self-filling, non-leaking, and has all the advantages of the standard size Onoto pens. It cleans itself in filling, and is so secure that it can safely be sent full through the post. It is, therefore, a present to send to sailors or soldiers, as well as to receive from them. The military-size pen, in plain black vulcanite, can be seen at all the large stores, stationers, and jewellers, and,

as it does not leak, is sent out full and ready for a letter of acknowledgment.

Always English.

It is not since war has brought to the front patriotism that the Misses A. and D. Allen-Brown have sent far and wide their fragrant English Violet perfume and toilet preparations. They were British always, and are now offering a discount of 2s. in the £1 off all cash orders for 20s. and over as long as war lasts. Their delightful guinea hamper, containing a number of their preparations in addition to a bottle of the well-known and better-loved English Violet perfume, is a dainty Christmas gift. Their sachets, bags, bath-salts, shaving-cream, shaving-soap, brilliantine, toilet-water, and toilet and talcum powders are all of the very daintiest and nicest, and most delightful to use. The address is The Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex, and the charming little booklet about all these nice things will be sent free on application.



THE WELSH GUARDS.



THE ROYAL WELSH
FUSILIERS.



THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR
SERVICE.



THE ROYAL FIELD
ARTILLERY.

THE NEW MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES.

Harrods', Brompton Road, S.W.

Never Will Be Missed.

"Full of Britain's best" is the motto of the catalogue of Gamage's Christmas Bazaar; and it so far embodies it in its pages and in the variety and beauty of the things in this wonderful bazaar that we now know for certain the Fatherland Willie's little list will never be missed, and that we

shall want no more goods made in Germany in our British shops. All we want made in Germany is now in the making—a victory for us and our Allies. Gamage's Bazaar is open now, and is a delight to all children, whether small or great. The *pièce de résistance* is a part of a battlefield swept with shot and shell, with opposing armies, artillery, aeroplanes, trenches, and all complete. Our embryo soldiers are fascinated with it, and the girls are almost as eager as the boys. One cannot begin to tell of toys and presents at Gamage's, because they are in thousands. The illustrated catalogue is a reliable guide to the show; but for colour, variety, cheeriness, and charm it should be visited. It is, indeed, being visited, and one request of the school-boys and school-girls home for the holidays is to be taken there. The toys give no hint of any difficulty of supply, so various and ingenious are they. They are principally British or French, and naturally, at such a time, military and naval models and toys are in special favour. Model aeroplanes delight boys, and there are electrical toys and aero-engines in miniature which give a natural scientific and mechanical bent to their play. Girls have plenty of dolls to choose from, and games galore. Every taste and all financial conditions can be satisfied at Gamage's Bazaar.



A BEAUTIFUL
JEWELLED
CROSS.

The Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Co., Ltd., 112, Regent St., W.

The Gifts that Are Wanted.

Good in quality—in fact, the best—ingenious, practical, and very handsome are the gifts to be found in the silver and in the clock and leather departments of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., 112, Regent Street. Quite up to date, too, are these presents. A silver cigarette-case, with a sapphire push-piece and a bit of regimental ribbon enamelled in colour in one corner, is a present one of our fighting-men will appreciate. It looks equally well in a lady's case, fitted with chain and a finger-ring. An extra-strong silver friction cigar or pipe-lighter, with two reserve flints and tinder, is a practical gift for men on active service, and costs only 7s. 6d. Extra-flat silver flasks, with hinged stoppers turning back and leaving the mouth free to drink from, are excellent presents, and cost, with a



A "REGIMENTAL RIBBON" CIGARETTE-CASE.
The Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Co., Ltd.,
112, Regent Street, W.

[Continued overleaf.]

Manfield & Sons

WHAT TO SEND ?

A practical present certainly. One's friends will not only value the gift itself more, but will admire the principle that goes with it. In the entire range of practical things, nothing excels footwear as an article of gift. Nothing else seems quite so adaptable to means and circumstances, to purse and personality. Also, footwear and present-giving have been long and intimately connected in the past. Traditions count at Christmas time.

BE SURE THAT THE FOOTWEAR ARTICLE YOU SELECT, THOUGH IT MAY NOT BE COSTLY, IS THE BEST OF ITS KIND. A TRACE OF INFERIORITY WOULD DETRACT FROM THE PLEASURE IT BRINGS.

YOU MAY FEEL REASSURED ON THIS SCORE IF THE NAME "MANFIELD" GUARANTEES AND ENHANCES THE GIFT.

Enquire or call at
MANFIELD & SONS, 228 & 229, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.
 or at the nearest London or Provincial Branch.

IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE. Entirely Regardless of Original Cost.

High-class, Second-hand and Antique

FURNITURE

CARPETS, PLATE, LINEN, PICTURES, PIANOS,
 To the Value of over £500,000.

The Contents of several large Town and Country Mansions removed for convenience of Sale.

Any article may be had separately, and if desired, can remain stored free, and payment made when delivery required, or will be packed free and delivered or shipped to any part of the world.

122 COMPLETE BEDROOMS.

Well-made solid bedroom suites, complete at 5 gns.; massive black and brass-mounted bedsteads, full size, complete with spring mattresses, at 25s.; very handsome design white enamel bedroom suites, at £5 17s. 6d.; four well-made large solid oak bedroom suites, at £6 15s.; four very artistic Sheraton-design inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, at £7 15s.; three artistic large bedroom suites, at £9 17s. 6d.; six very choice inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, 13 gns.; elaborate all-brass Sheraton-style bedsteads with superior spring mattresses complete, 45s.; choice Chippendale-design bedroom suites, 12 gns.; Chippendale-design bedsteads to match; Queen Anne-design solid mahogany bedroom suites, £14 14s.; all-brass full-size bedsteads, at £3 17s. 6d.; other bedroom suites in real silver ash and choicely painted satinwood; also French bedroom suites up to 300 gns.; Several fine Antique Queen Anne and other Tall-Boy Chests, gents' wardrobes, etc..

DINING AND BILLIARD ROOMS.

Magnificent full-size BILLIARD TABLE, £45; smaller size Billiard Dining Table by Burgess, 15 gns.

Several sets of complete old English table glass, from £4 15s.; two oak American roll-top desks, at £4 7s. 6d.; Several fine quality real Indian and Turkey carpets, all sizes, from £4 17s. 6d.; real Turkey rugs, at 17s. 6d.; elegant Queen Anne-design sideboard fitted drawers, cupboards, etc., £7 15s.; set of eight Queen Anne-design dining-room chairs, comprising two large carving chairs and six smaller ditto, £8 15s.; oval extending Queen Anne-design dining table, £4 10s.; Queen Anne-design mantel mirror to match, 42s.; luxurious Chesterfield settees, £2 15s.; luxurious lounge easy chairs to match, at £1 10s.; magnificent chiming and grandfather clocks; also a quantity of very finely carved oak, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, and Adam design furniture at equally low prices.

SEVERAL FINE-TONED PIANOS.

George Brinsmead, 27 gns.; nearly new pianoforte by Venables and Co., 14 gns.; a good-toned pianoforte in perfect condition, by John Brinsmead, 12 gns.; capital pianoforte, nearly new, by Philip Dudley 18 gns.; Collard and Collard, 14 gns.; a splendid-tone short grand, in handsome case, 25 gns.; and several others, all in excellent condition.

DRAWING-ROOMS.

The very elegant Drawing-room Furniture in styles of Louis XIV. and Louis Seize, comprising carved and gilt settees, cabinets, tables, mirrors, etc., white enamelled and richly carved furniture, also painted satinwood and marqueterie inlaid.

Also BED and T.BLE LINEN, Carpets of all makes and sizes, quite unsoiled.

SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE, etc., etc.

A magnificent 20-h.p. MINERVA MOTOR-CAR, Landaulette Body, as new, £200, cost £1,200.

Also a 1914 "MITCHELL" TOURING CAR, nearly new. Great bargain. 135 Gns.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE (mention The Sketch) ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS, NOW READY. SENT POST FREE.

THE FURNITURE AND FINE-ART DEPOSITORIES, LTD.
 (By Royal Appointment).

48-50, PARK STREET, UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.

The following Number Motor Buses pass Park Street Islington: Nos. 4, 19, 43, 43A and 30.

Cab fares refunded to all purchasers.

Phone: 3472 North.

Business Hours: Open every day, 9 till 9.

Established over Half a Century.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—We have NO WEST END Branches, neither are we connected with ANY OTHER depositories. Our ONLY ADDRESS is as above.

L. LEWIS, Manager

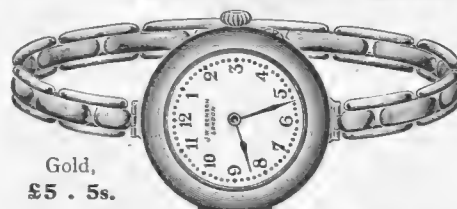
THE OLD PRICES.

BENSON'S

"PERFECT SAFETY"

SELF-FITTING GOLD WATCH BRACELETS.

WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS.

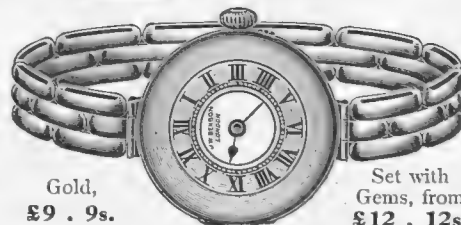


Gold,
 £5 . 5s.

Finest Quality
 Lever Movements,
 from £5 . 5s.

Trench Watches
 in Silver Cases with
 leather strap,
 from £2 . 2s.

BEST
 VALUE
 AT
 LOWEST
 CASH
 PRICES.



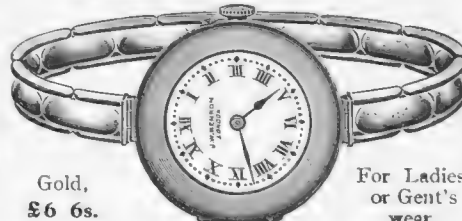
Gold,
 £9 . 9s.

Set with
 Gems, from
 £12 . 12s.

The Popular
 "Times" System of
MONTHLY

PAYMENTS

is still available.



Gold,
 £6 6s.

For Ladies'
 or Gent's
 wear.

Selections sent on approval at our risk and expense.

New Illustrated Lists of Wristlet Watches, Chains,
 Rings, Jewels, and Silver Goods for Presents, post free.

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

And 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.



THE FAMOUS OMAR KHAYYAM
PERFUME. Bronnley and Co.

reality, the prices of the series, per bottle, are as follows—3s. 3d., 5s. 9d., 12s. 6d., and 23s. 6d. Each bottle is contained in a dainty box.

The Little Ones' Christmas.

Whatever the troubles here and ahead, the little ones know nothing of them, and should know nothing. They will be Christmas joys for us, and we must make Christmas joyful for them. There are many means of doing so at Barri's, 72, Baker Street, the establishment so well known and immensely esteemed by mothers and prospective mothers of small children. Mme. Barri's study of children has been to her a lifetime labour of love, and the dear, dainty little garments at her establishment are an evidence of it; long robes for babies, of finest lawn delightfully embroidered and tucked as if by fairy fingers, lace inserted and ribbon run through, have the little necks and tiny cuffs finished with care and elaboration; short frocks that might have come straight from workrooms in the Never-Never Land, so dainty and delicate that it seems impossible big human fingers could have fashioned them, are there, and wee bibs, all embroidered and finished with little frills, lace-edged and embroidered; these tie on round the neck and round the waist—a simple and most convenient device of Mme. Barri's. There are the most fascinating little nighties for baby in his or her cot. Again, there are really artistic and practical wooden cots—some copies, perfectly carried out, of fine old designs. These are proving quite attractive, and, to use a colloquialism, going like smoke. There are party coats and capes; a little beauty for a girl is à la Red Riding-Hood, but it is white, the cloak made of matte cloth, and trimmed with swansdown down the front and round the becoming little hood. There are tiny boots and shoes and caps, and pillow-cases and sheets in great variety, and all absolutely right for my lord or my lady the baby. Mme. Barri's is the place to go to to find Christmas gifts for those comforts and treasures of our British homes, the precious babies.

All the Gifts of the Season

May be found at Messrs. J. C. Vickery's, 177-183, Regent Street, where are novelties in great variety. Every woman knits these days when she doesn't crochet, so a most appropriate gift is a case in moss-green morocco, polished pig-skin, or crushed-green morocco fitted with steel and bone knitting-pins and wool-hooks; the price, according to which leather is chosen, is from £1 2s. 6d. to £1 6s. 6d. There are varieties of these cases. In jewellery there is a great deal to choose from, and all charming. Also, it is at prices from a modest 16s. 6d. for a very pretty white-heather, gold-and-pearl charm—a lucky gift—to any sum one desires to expend. Now that we are using Treasury Notes, an admirable present is a case in fine-grain seal morocco, with solid gold mounts, for £1 16s. 6d.; or to take the notes flat, £2 8s. 6d. These cases automatically place the notes behind straps by simply placing them in one side and quickly opening the other. A luminous-hands-and-figures silver watch, with a protecting cover in khaki colour, for the wrist, is a useful and reliable gift, costing £6 18s. 6d. Hunting-crops, with loaded handles, are gifts that men like; and a walking-stick into the crutch-handle

drinking-cup, from two guineas to £3 7s. 6d., according to size. There are naval and military photograph-frames, in silver and khaki bronze, with the crest of a ship, or badge of a regiment, on the frame. In silver these cost from £3 10s. to £4 15s.; in khaki bronze, from £1 10s. to two guineas. An illustrated booklet will be sent on application to the company.

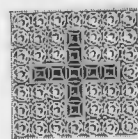
Omar Khayyam—A Correction.

In a paragraph in our last Number dealing with that well-known and delicious perfume known as Omar Khayyam, distilled by Courvoisier, an error unfortunately occurred as regards the price, which was stated as ranging from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 3d. a bottle. In

of which a small but powerful telescope is fitted is a decided novelty. There is a fine choice of gifts at this establishment.

Beautiful Souvenirs of the Great War.

The beautiful sides of the European horror deserve to be handed down to posterity—the sides of service and sacrifice. At Hunt and Roskell's, in conjunction with J. W. Benson's fine establishment, 25, Old Bond Street, there are such beautiful souvenirs of the war as to be worthy of these splendid things. Regimental badges in solid crystal, carved and enamelled and set in a ring of diamonds, will be good things to point to in days to come as the present of a father or a grandfather to a mother or grandmother when he went away to the great war. There are other brooches in diamonds, gold, and enamel equally beautiful—badges of regiments, corps, or ships. These are the gifts of the season, for every woman desires to have one. A particularly beautiful



BEAUTIFUL JEWELS AND "MIZPAH" AND
LANCERS' BADGE-BROOCHES.

Messrs. J. W. Benson, Ltd., 25, Old Bond Street, W.

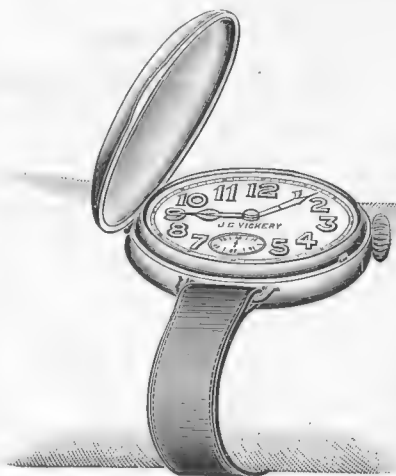
and appropriate parting gift for a man going on active service either by sea or land to leave with his wife or fiancée is a diamond "Mizpah." Of these there is a great variety, and all are beautiful at J. W. Benson's. Gold and enamel badges are in plenty, too, for those whose finances do not run to those that are jewelled. All those at the world-famous jewellers are of the best, and will answer the purpose of the far future for souvenirs as well as the present. Needless to say, there are many other pieces of jewellery, large and small, at all prices, at J. W. Benson's, making most acceptable gifts. The war, however, is what we are all interested in heart and soul, and these beautiful and appropriate souvenirs of it have a double value to us in the present, and in the future they will be a source of pride as well as pleasure.

The Place of Pleasure.

That children of all ages are not to be done out of their pleasure this Christmas was decided by that enterprising firm, Messrs. Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street, whose Christmas Bazaar is one of the most attractive places in London just now. There is Venice, where little folk can take gondola trips and get lovely prizes, some of them worth far more than the entrance-fee. The toys are most amazing in variety, cleverness, and fascination. Naturally, military and naval toys are in the ascendant—forts, rifles, guns, including correct models of the celebrated French 75; war-ships and liner models; and those ingenious Dreadnoughts, torpedo-destroyers, cruisers, and submarines (made by the disabled soldiers in the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops) which fight and wreck each other; there are yachts and games by the hundred. It is to the good that Mechano (the toys by means of which the elements of engineering are learnt in an absorbingly interesting way) is seen at this bazaar—towers electrically lighted, bridges, pulleys, all made from these toys. Architecture also is used for toys. Judging by the faces of the children, the charm of Peter Robinson's celebrated Christmas Fair has not been eclipsed at all by the elimination of German and Austrian toys.



A DAINTY PRESENT FOR BABY.
Mme. Barri, 72, Baker Street, W.



THE HUNTER WRIST WATCH.



THE TREASURY NOTE CASE.

SEASONABLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

J. C. Vickery, 177-183, Regent Street, W.

"Con Amore." An excellent name for an excellent thing; the Con Amore cigarettes recommend themselves, but with love they are doubly seductive. They are sold only in boxes of 25, 50, and 100, and are made under the crest of every regiment in the British Army, including the Australian and Canadian contingents, and the Naval Air Service. These boxes of cigarettes have a personal significance, each cigarette having the badge stamped on it. They can be bought at any good tobacconist's for the better-known regiments; but Marcovitch and Co., 13, Regent Street, will supply them direct for any regiment.

POPE & BRADLEY

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

Contractors for Officers' Equipment to the War Office.

TRENCH SPECIALITIES.

THE winter Trench garments of the house of Pope and Bradley are designed by Dennis Bradley after consultation with senior officers of the Service, and every point of utility and durability has been studied, so that for active service the campaigner may be independent of the elements.

This new military waterproof has been designed expressly as an all-weather coat for the Winter Campaign, and is absolutely indispensable to the kit of every officer. The "Trencher" coat is made of closely woven double-proof yarn, with a thin oil-silk lining and an extra detachable fleece lining. Its texture is impervious to the heaviest storm, it does not cake with mud, and it is practically wire-proof. Light in weight, with the detachable fleece lining it is equally adaptable to muggy weather or the severest frost, and is an ideal protective coat for motoring.

By an ingenious device it is convertible from a short coat for waterlogged trenches to a long coat for driving rain. The "Trencher" is made in varied sizes to fit any figure, and may be ordered by post by stating chest measurement and height. The price is £5 15s. 6d., cash with order.

SERVICE DRESS.

THERE is but one design for each garment of Officer's Kit, but there is an immensity of difference between the style imparted by the exclusive military tailor and those who have adopted this branch on the exigency of the moment. Only the finest quality khaki whipcords and baratheas are used, as the House is determined to maintain the reputation it has made, and refuses to supply Officers with any material or article of kit which cannot be absolutely guaranteed. The prices charged are reasonable because the House is one of the largest buyers of khaki in London.

Service Jackets	from £3 13 6
Slacks	£1 7 6
Bedford Cord Breeches (Buckskin Strapped)	£2 12 6
British Warm	£3 15 0
Service Great Coat	£4 14 6

New Naval and Military Kit List, containing particulars or every Service requirement, will be forwarded upon application.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS. ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.



DOUBLE
PROOF YARN
COVER
OIL SILK
LINING
DETACHABLE
CAMEL FLEECE
LINING

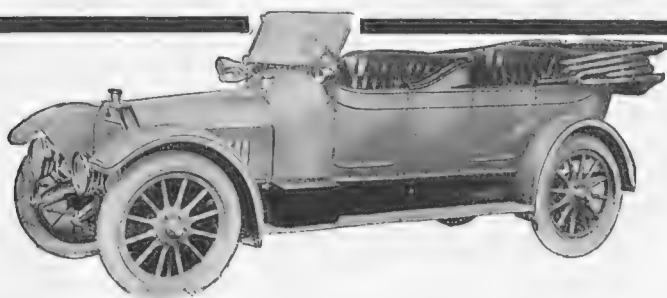
A post-war note to motorists

When the curtain is rung down on the scene of the war, Swift cars will be more in evidence than ever before. To-day our entire factory is under Government control, and we are therefore unable to supply cars to private users, but to every motorist who can conveniently wait we urge the advisability of doing so. The value of the experience we are gaining by handling delicate Government work will be manifold in the production of Swift cars after the war, and, high as the Swift standard has always been, it will be even higher. For that reason we suggest waiting.

SWIFT

Swift Motor Co. Ltd.
LONDON—132-4, Long Acre, W.C.

Coventry
DUBLIN—15-17, South King St.



WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

is now known as the

Soldiers' Soap.

It Soothes, Protects, Heals.

Box of Three Tablets, 1/-

Wilson & Gill

"THE GOLDSMITHS,"
139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

SILVER-PLATED
WATCH PROTECTOR 2/6

GUARANTEED
TIMEKEEPER.

9-ct. Gold
£5 10s.

Solid Silver,
£2 10 0

18-ct. Gold,
£8 10 0

WILSON & GILL'S FAMED "SERVICE" WRISTLET WATCH,
WITH LUMINOUS FIGURES AND HANDS.

Immense numbers of these Watches have been used and have proved their reliability during the present campaign. Having a large stock, Wilson & Gill do not purpose raising their prices, notwithstanding the War Tax.



Section showing Damp
and Dust-proof Front
and Back Unscrewed.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE DRIVING AGE? YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY: NEW MOTOR-CYCLE TYRES: FORD'S FOLLY.

Why Not Younger Drivers?

Motor-car driving, if very far from being the risky thing that was imagined in the 'nineties, demands a definite amount of activity and fitness on the part of the individual concerned. It so happens, however, that the age which has been specified by law as the earliest at which a man may obtain a license is also the one which marks him down as eligible for the Army. Wherefore it follows that the only men who are free to take up driving without fear of a visit from the recruiting-sergeant are those who are outside the military age-limit at the other end, and the motor-schools have been besieged by middle-aged men anxious to qualify for the vacancies which Lord Derby's praiseworthy efforts among the "eligibles" have created. But, as any one may see for himself, the name is legion of cars which are in daily use on official, military, benevolent, or business duties; and, notwithstanding the fact that many private owners are now driving themselves, as the result of releasing a chauffeur for the front, there is a growing lack of competent drivers. In the circumstances, the suggestion has been made to the Local Government Board that the minimum age-limit of seventeen years should be reduced to sixteen or even fifteen years, and there is undoubtedly a good deal to be said in favour of the proposal.

"To the Manner Born."

One year more or less cannot make a vital difference, and it must also be remembered that matters have altogether changed since the restriction was imposed. Motoring was then new and mysterious; but the youth of to-day has grown up with motor-cars always before his eyes. The average school-boy is keen as mustard on cars and even aeroplanes, and devours the current literature on the subject from week to week. In the car-owning classes, of course, the boys have their own parents' cars at hand, but even the boys of the artisan class aspire to enter a motor manufactory or train as mechanics in the local garages. It goes without saying, therefore, that the youth of sixteen is far more capable of taking on the control of a car than was his predecessor of seventeen in the earlier days of motoring, and any objection which could be urged against the alteration proposed could far more justifiably have been directed against the original limit. As that, however, has stood the test of time, the case for a reduction, in the altered circumstances, is unanswerable.

New Motor-Cycle Tyres.

Motor-cyclists will note with interest that the Wood-Milne motor-cycle tyres for 1916 show new and distinctive features. The entire plant for their manufacture has been overhauled, old moulds having been scrapped and new machinery installed. The result is a tyre of remarkable merit, with a 25 per cent. increased

air-capacity. The tread-designs, however, have been adhered to in three well-known forms, and the tyres are made in two strengths, those for light or medium machines having three layers of canvas, while four layers are used in tyres intended for heavy machines or side-car combinations. The fabric used is similar to that embodied in the Wood-Milne car tyres, and is specially woven in the firm's own sheds, with the claim that it is the strongest yet produced. Another specialty is the inner tube, which is built up in layers. The price-list is now in the press, and motor-cyclists who desire to combine economy with efficiency are advised to apply for a copy to Wood-Milne, Ltd., Ribbles Bank Mills, Preston, Lancs

The Egregious Ford.

It is very satisfying to note

that the workmen of the factory—at Manchester—where Ford chassis are "assembled" for British use have enlisted in a body, in striking contrast to the ridiculous antics of Mr. Henry Ford himself and his pacifist satellites. It would seem highly probable, therefore, that these British workmen have struck a more effective blow even than the papers which refused to print Ford advertisements until such time as Mr. Ford withdrew his offensive "tin-can" observations. For, truth to tell, the patriotic action of the papers concerned would have made little or no difference in the matter, for the simple reason that the British trade in Fords is a mere drop in the bucket compared with the total sale. Last year the output from the American works was 350,000 cars, and of these only 12,500 were consigned to the United Kingdom. This year's output from Toledo is to be 500,000, and of this mammoth total only 18,000 were destined for our own country. Despite the absence of advertisements, a number of these would have been acquired for the sake of cheapness; but even if the whole lot had been retained in America, the total is relatively so insignificant that the loss would not have been felt. It is consoling to



CHAUFFEUR TO THE MINISTER OF MUNITIONS: MISS MARSH,
DRIVER OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S CAR.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

know, however, that Mr. Ford's mountebank performances have excited universal ridicule in his own land, and the tin-can metaphor may be expected to recoil on his own head, for few people will care to be seen with a car which is connected with such unpleasant associations. Mr. Ford, whose "Peace Ship," *Oscar II.*, sailed from New York on Dec. 4, to the significant tune of "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier," carried a large party, including, it is said, fifty-four reporters, three moving-picture men and twenty clerks. The capital of the Ford Motor Company is £20,000,000, and Mr. Ford, who is a Michigan man by birth, has said that if he finds that any banks in which his Company or himself have deposits participate in the loan to the Allies, he will immediately close their accounts, on the ground that financial aid to any belligerents prolongs war. The idea may be sound, but at the moment it seems scarcely "cricket" to put it in that way.

Blaze away

I bet you my pipe outlasts yours ; it's filled with Bond of Union. It lasts about half as long again as ordinary mixtures.

They've got some sort of special curing process which slows down the pipe and develops the flavour at the same time.

It only costs 7d. an oz. but it beats any of the 8d. or 9d. mixtures I've tried.

Medium & Full **7**^{d.} per oz.
Mild 7½^{d.}

You can send Bond of Union duty free to your friends at the Front. Order from your tobacconist

Before you pay 8d. for Tobacco try **Bond of Union**

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

LADIES LEARN to DRIVE



1. The Courses embrace just what Ladies need to learn.
2. The Fees are the Lowest in London.
3. You continue to learn without any extra charge until you are proficient and satisfied.
4. The largest Motor Instruction Works in the World, and situate in the heart of London.
5. Training for Royal Automobile Club Certificates our speciality.
6. Licensed employment Bureau Free for all Pupils who require same;

at the
British School of Motoring
Limited

CALL OR WRITE, B. S. M., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.

TWO TYRES for the price of one and a third.

If the casing is in perfect condition, your retreaded grooved cover should, on the average, wear almost as long as the tread upon a new cover. It depends upon how you treat your tyres in the first instance.

Dunlop casing is specially made to stand retreading. Why not take advantage of this fact? But be sure and send the cover to

DUNLOPS



REDLINE MOTOR SPIRIT

CAN GIVE POINTS TO ALL OTHERS

PROOF



Independent report on Three Months' Test of REDLINE II proved to give 1.7 more miles per gallon than any other spirit. This equals a saving of 10 per cent. or 2d. per gallon.

SUPPORT THE BRITISH COMPANY.

UNION PETROLEUM PRODUCTS Co., Ltd., 21, Bury St., London, E.C.
CONTRACTORS TO THE WAR OFFICE. Phone Nos.: Avenue 496-44965.

The FRENCH Natural Mineral Water

VICHY-CÉLESTINS



for disorders of the LIVER:
GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES,
RHEUMATISM and all ailments
arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the department of the Allier, and are the property of the FRENCH GOVERNMENT
Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Stores and Hotels throughout the world.

Wholesale Agents—INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd.,
Bangor Wharf, Belvedere Road, London, S.E. And at Liverpool & Bristol.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The Story of
K. (1).

This is the story of K. (1), and that is the tabloid title of the First Hundred Thousand. 'The Junior Sub.' shows them in the making and made—exceedingly well made, shaped into veterans in wonderfully few months. They are seen training and trained, with their little faults and their big virtues; men every one of them, fighting-men, "grouching" as every true Tommy "grouches," but eager to a fault, thinking of nothing but how to get at the enemy and prove themselves the better men they know themselves—and have shown themselves—to be. Mr. Hay is the perfect chronicler: he has humour and observation, and humanity. Those who did not read him in "Blackwood's" must read him now; those who did will re-read him with delight.

The Chaperoned
Soldier.

Here is wisdom: The soldier is always chaperoned by authority. "This system has been attacked on the ground that it breeds loss of self-reliance and initiative. As a matter of fact, the result is almost exactly the opposite. Under its operation a soldier rapidly acquires the art of placing himself under the command of his nearest superior in rank; but at the same time he learns with equal rapidity to take command himself if no superior be present. . . . This principle is extended, too, to the enforcement of law and order. If Private M'Sumph is insubordinate or riotous, there is never any question of informal correction or summary justice. News of the incident wends its way upward, by a series of properly regulated channels, to the officer in command. Presently, by the same route, an order comes back, and in a twinkling the offender finds himself taken under arrest and marched off to the guard-room by two of his own immediate associates. (One of them may be his own rear-rank man.) But no officer or non-commissioned officer ever lays a finger on him. The penalty for striking a superior officer is so severe that the law decrees, very wisely, that a soldier must on no account ever be arrested by any save men of his own rank."

"Na Pooh!" Here is humour: "Behold Sergeant Goffin, a true-born Londoner, with the Londoner's faculty of never being at a loss for a word, at the grocer's, purchasing comforts for our officers' mess. 'Bong joocer, Mrs. Pankhurst!' he observes breezily to the plump *épicière*. This is his invariable greeting to French ladies who display any tendency to volubility—and they are many. 'Bon jour, M'sieu le Caporal!' replies the *épicière*, smiling. 'M'sieu le Caporal désire?' The Sergeant allows his reduction in rank to pass unnoticed. He does

not understand the French tongue, though he speaks it with great fluency and incredible success. He holds up a warning hand. 'Now, keep your 'and off the tap of the gas-meter for one minute, if you please,' he rejoins, 'and let me get a word in edgeways. I want—with great emphasis—Vinblank one, vinrooge two, bogeys six, Dom one. Compree?' By some miracle the smiling lady does 'compree,' and produces white wine, red wine, candles, and—a bottle of Benedictine! (Sergeant Goffin always names wines after the most boldly printed word on the label. He once handed round some champagne, which he insisted on calling 'a bottle of brute.') 'Combine?' is the next observation. . . . The *épicière* breaks into a rapid recital . . . of the beauty and succulence of her other wares. Up goes Goffin's hand again. 'Na pooh!' he exclaims. 'Bong joocer!' And he stumps out to the mess-cart. 'Na pooh!' is a mysterious but invaluable expression. Possibly it is derived from 'Il n'y a plus.' It means, 'All over!' You say 'Na pooh!' when you push your plate away after dinner. It also means, 'not likely!' or 'nothing doing!' By a further development it has come to mean 'done for,' 'finished,' and in extreme cases, 'dead.' 'Poor Bill got na-poohed by a rifle-grenade, yesterday,' says one mourner to another."

Flattening for
Machine-Gun.

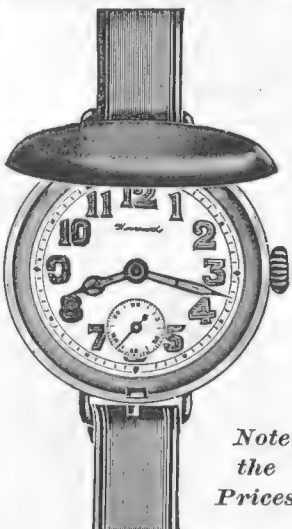
So the windings of the maze of war are revealed. Here is a point not at all in accordance with the text-books: "Never, under any circumstances, take cover in farm-buildings, or plantations, or behind railway embankments, or in any place likely to be marked on a large-scale map. Their position and range are known to a yard. Your safest place is the middle of an open plain or ploughed field. There it will be more difficult for the enemy's range-takers to gauge your exact distance."

Bombs.

So to bombs: "Bombs are absolutely *dernier cri*. We talk of nothing else. We speak about rifles and bayonets as if they were so many bows and arrows. . . . Can you empty a cottage by firing a single rifle-shot in at the door? Can you exterminate twenty Germans in a fortified back-parlour by a single thrust with a bayonet? Never! But you can do both these things with a jam-tin stuffed with dynamite and scrap-iron. . . . The bomb-officer, hitherto a despised underling . . . has suddenly attained a position of dazzling eminence."—Let us wish Mr. Hay well, a good eye for cover; on that depends, he says, the continuance of his story, and that we would have—as well as his safety.

"The First Hundred Thousand: Being the Unofficial Chronicle of a Unit of 'K. (1).'" By Ian Hay, "The Junior Sub." (Blackwood; 6s.)

By Special Appointment

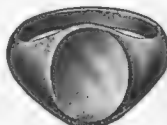
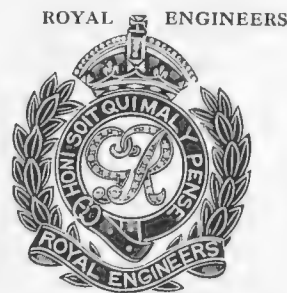
Drapers and Furnishers to
H.M. The Queen.MILITARY & NAVAL
WATCH.
Luminous in the Dark.Note
the
Prices.Screw Case Silver Hunter, £3.
Without Hunter Cover, £2 15 0.
Cheaper Quality in Nickel, with or
without Hunter Cover, £1 5 0.The Georgian Restaurant will
be open for the convenience of
customers wishing to take tea,
and the band plays until 5.15 p.m.SHOP EARLY and exercise that kindly Thoughtfulness which
will be of the utmost assistance to the Business of your Country.

HARRODS

REGIMENTAL & NAVAL JEWELLERY

Any Regimental or Naval Crest in Fine
Gold or Enamel, £2 2 0No. J. 3641.
18-ct. Gold Signet,
with place for Photo.,
£2 12 6In Fine Gold and Enamel with Diamonds,
from £2 2 0

In Gold, Enamel, and Diamonds, £5 12 6


No. J. 3642.
18-ct. Massive Gold
Signet, Extra Heavy,
Sard or Bloodstone,
£2 18 6
All Gold, £2 19 6

In Gold, Enamel, and Diamonds, £7 10 0

Any Regimental or
Naval Crest in Solid
Gold, 25/-HARRODS CLOSE
AT FIVE O'CLOCKAny Regimental or Naval Crest in
Solid Gold, 25/-

By Special Appointment

Goldsmiths, Silversmiths
and Silk-mercers to
H.M. Queen Alexandra.LIFE-SAVING
PERISCOPE,
The S.O.S.
(Save our Soldiers.)J.O. 7119. Harrods S.O.S.
(Save our Soldiers) Peri-
scope. Regd. No. 649083.
Everyone who has friends or
relations at the front should
spend 2/- on life insurance
for them by giving them an
efficient periscope. It is a
necessity for every man in
the firing line. Price 2/-
each. Special Estimate for
larger quantities.Write for a copy of Harrods
Xmas Gift Catalogue, Post
Free on request.HARRODS L^{TD} RICHARD BURBIDGE
MANAGING DIRECTOR LONDON S.W.



Longsighted Economy—


Wolsey Pure Wool Underwear represents *that* in these days if ever anything did.

It provides a health insurance of the most valuable kind. It provides *dependable* underwear-service—both in wash and wear. Wolsey yields, thanks to its pure wool, a high degree of comfort. It is free from the defective details of "cheap" underwear. It is *always* the same—wherever and whenever you may buy it. *Incidentally it is BRITISH*

Wolsey

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

By far the most widely known brand in the world—because of its *value*. Garments for men, women and children. Any shrunken garment replaced free. Wolsey Underwear Co., Leicester.



LUCE'S

A
CHARMING
WAR-TIME
CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

A necessity for every home, and a pleasing and delightful Yule-Tide Gift, is a dainty bottle of

LUCE'S

ORIGINAL *Jersey*
Eau-de-Cologne
British and Best

If you have a sick or wounded friend, this charming Old English Eau-de-Cologne will soothe and comfort, and counteract the pungent odour of antiseptic lotions, and impart to the room a delightfully refreshing fragrance.

Beware of imitation Jersey Brands.
Insist on having **LUCE'S**.

Of all Stores, Chemists, and Perfumers, or from Luce's, Southampton (postage extra).

7½d., 1/3, 2/6, 5/-, &c., per bottle.



One-third of the cost of each bottle of Luce's Eau-de-Cologne goes in duty to the State, and helps to pay for the successful prosecution of the War.



At last! Rid of my Superfluous Hair.


"Two visits to Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., and over fifty ugly hairs removed. I scarcely felt the removal, and the assurance given that the hairs will never grow again is the greatest comfort I have had given me for years. They are Experts and know."

POMEROY

TREATMENT ROOMS

Call or write. Consultation Free.

MRS. POMEROY, LTD., 29, Old Bond Street, London, W.
LIVERPOOL: 7, Leaze St. (top of Bold St.) MANCHESTER: 10, St. Ann's Square.
GLASGOW: 287, Sauchiehall Street. DUBLIN: 67, Grafton Street.



Bensdorp's

Royal Dutch Cocoa

saves ½ your cocoa because it is double strength

NO INCREASE IN PRICE.
Ask your Grocer for sample, or send for same direct to
Bensdorp's Royal Dutch Cocoa, 31, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

A USEFUL PRESENT

"ECIRUAM"

Regd.

The Gown for all occasions.

Entirely without fasteners.



From 3½ gns.
In soft satin or cashmere.

The ideal Country House Frock, put on in a moment. Equally charming and successful as day, evening, tea or rest gown, and can be worn outdoors with coat or furs.

NO FITTING REQUIRED.

Large variety of models in chiffon velvet, velveteen, crêpe-de-Chine, taffeta, charmeuse, serge, &c., &c. A revelation—the most successful Gown of the century, particularly suited to present-day conditions on account of simplicity, practicability, comfort & low price.

"ECIRUAM" Maternity Gowns are perfect.

Sole Makers: **MAURICE,**
43, SOUTH MOLTON ST., LONDON, W.
Illustrated Booklet on application.

"ECIRUAM" Gowns are registered designs. To copy same is an infringement.

Wilson & Gill

139 & 141 Regent Street
LONDON, W.

BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED
REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES



18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, Platinised
Silver Serpent, £3 17 6
With Diamond Serpent, £6 10 0



Fine Gold, Platinum and Diamond Brooch.
£4 10 0



18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, set
Diamonds, £5 10 0
Others from £7 0 0 to £25 0 0

ANY REGIMENTAL OR NAVAL BADGE can be
Reproduced in Gold or Enamel, with or without
Precious Stones, from £3.10.0 to £50.
Sketches and Estimates on Application.



MAJOR RICHARDSON'S
SENTRY DOGS (Airedales),
as supplied Army in France, 5 gns.
POLICE DOGS (Airedales),
for house and personal guards
5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.
BLOODHOUNDS from 20 gns.;
pups, 5 gns.
ABERDEEN, SCOTCH, FOX,
IRISH TERRIERS, 5 gns.; pups,
2 gns.
GROVE END, HARROW, Tel. 423.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

WHATEVER else we have to go without nowadays, the young people are not being deprived of one of the joys of Christmas—new illustrated story-books. Naturally, the all-engrossing subject of these days claims pride of place in any list, and here it is represented by a thrilling tale of naval adventures—"A Sub. of the R.N.R.," a Story of the Great War, by Percy F. Westerman (Partridge). The experiences of Terence Aubyn include many stressful doings at sea such as delight the heart of boys—and, to-day, of girls also, for the modern maiden invariably prefers "a boy's book." There are incidents of German spies, secret wireless, air-raids, wrecks, and submarines fighting Zeppelins, of the bombardment of Scarborough, and the sinking of the *Blücher*. Our Terence, in fact, has every bit as exciting a time as his prototype of "The Three Midshipmen" and "The Three Lieutenants." A home critic of thirteen pronounces it "awfully decent"—the acme of praise.

A little book also connected with the war is "More Belgian Playmates," by Nellie Pollock (Gay and Hancock). This is a war tale for the smaller fry, with chapters of recent history interlarded between the experiences of some little Belgian refugees in England—an ingenious type of the "powder-in-the-jam" instructive story.

Tales of school life are ever popular, and "The Outlaws of St. Martyn's," by Gunby Hadath (Partridge), will prove no exception to the rule, for it is a good specimen of its genus. The present reviewer has tried it on a junior member of his family, who devoured it at a sitting, with intervals for refreshment, so he knows what he is talking about.

In "Dear Enemy—More About the Daddy-Long-Legs Girl," by Jean Webster (Hodder and Stoughton), we have a very different type of book. It is not exactly what publishers call a "juvenile," unless it be for the "elder girls," but it is one of "the batch as it came to hand," so in it goes. The authoress has a *penchant* for sequels, as indicated by the titles of her previous works—"Daddy-Long-Legs," "Just Patty," and "Patty and Priscilla." The present volume tells of a Scottish-American girl who takes on the management of an orphanage in New York. Her experiences are told in a series of racy letters to a friend and others, including the "dear enemy," who turns eventually into something dearer.

Those grown-up givers of Christmas books who are educationally minded, and want to give the happy recipients an early liking for the best literature and for history, cannot do better than choose one of the volumes of this character published by Messrs. Raphael Tuck. Among them are "Children's Stories from Scott," by Doris Ashley, illustrated by Harold C. Earnshaw; "Children's Stories from the

Poets," by M. Dorothy Belgrave and Hilda Hart, illustrated by Frank Adams; "Children's Stories from the Northern Legends," by the same two authors, illustrated by Harry G. Theaker; and "Glorious Battles of English History," by Major C. H. Wylly, with a foreword by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, illustrated by Harry Payne. The pictures, both in colour and line, are abundant, and very good of their kind.

From the same publishing house comes that old favourite, "Father Tuck's Annual," with its usual wealth of pictures, tales, and verses—a hardy annual, deservedly popular in the nursery, which this season lives well up to its reputation.

Finally, we may mention some illustrated books of new poems for the younger person. Most charming is one called "Little People," with rhymes by R. H. Elkin, and pictures in colour by H. Willebeek Le Mair (London: Augener; and Philadelphia: David McKay). The illustrator ranks with Caldecott and Kate Greenaway for pretty designs, delicate colouring, and quaint fancies. Her new work is, if anything, even better than the well-known rhyme-books and children's picture-postcards issued in previous seasons.

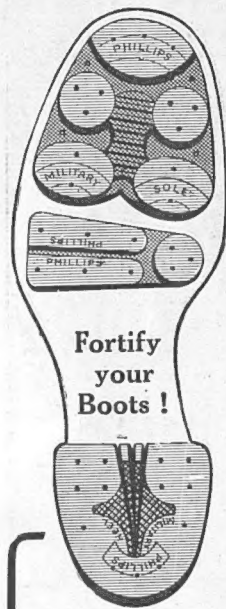
From nursery sentiment we turn to nursery humour in "Morals for the Young," by Marcus, with a foreword by William J. Locke, illustrated by George Morrow. Moralist and artist have very happily collaborated in one of the most entertaining *jeux d'esprit* we have read for a long time. Among "solemn warnings" is provided a delightful variant of "Harriet and the Matches" to console us for "Struwwelpeter" being now an enemy—

I love to hear of Nurse McGrath,
Who found a cinder on the hearth—
Then looked around for Little Joe,
And smiled and said: "I told him so."

Marcus as a moralist for the young will intrigue the older generation as much as his grown-up morals did—perhaps more so.

Another attractive book of verse is "A Child's Day," a Book of Rhymes, by Walter De La Mare, "to pictures" by Carine and Will Cadby (Constable). The pictures in this case are a charming set of photographs of a little girl. They and the verses tell the incidents of a day in the life of "little Elizabeth Ann."

Mr. Norman Gale's "Songs for Little People" (Constable) is well illustrated by Helen Stratton. "This book is designed," says the poet, "for a position between such extremes as the frankly babyish song-books and Stevenson's exquisite and everlasting memorials of a child by no means typical." The verses are really much jollier than this rather intimidating "foreword" suggests. They are simple and humorous, with a touch of true poetry. Young and old will like them well.



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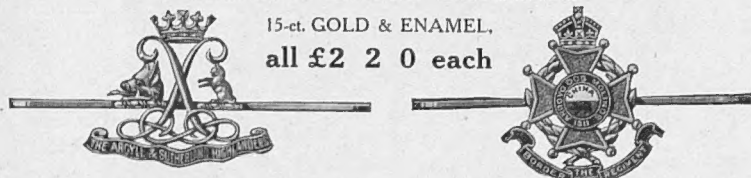
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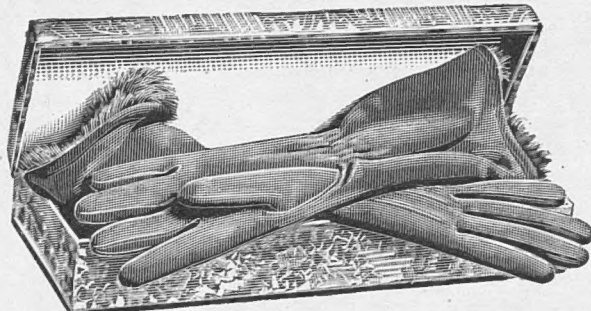
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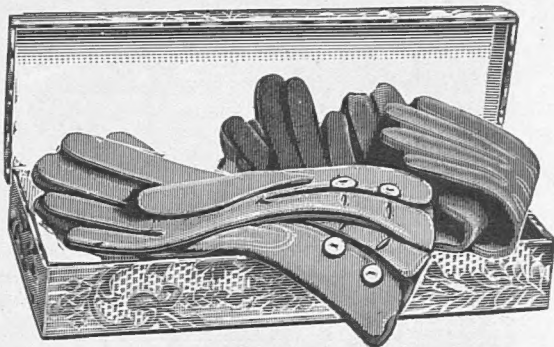
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GENERAL NOTES.

EVERYBODY admits that the new Shylock is excellent. Mr. Matheson Lang is praised on all hands, and deservedly; in some respects he is the best of the many I have seen—in none the worst. Still, he was not the author's Shylock. It was very clever of Macklin to abandon the comic Jew and to substitute the tragic. Since his days we have rung the changes on the tragic, the pathetic, and the picturesque; but none of them squares with the text. In one criticism I read that "to make him a comic villain . . . is to make him true to the wishes of Shakespeare's original audience, but not to Shakespeare himself, who was so much ahead of them." Yet the author did not write one Shylock for the audience and another for himself. I don't know whether he wrote down to them or really liked the comic Shylock: he certainly had little, if any, first-hand acquaintance with the Jews, and probably had the popular prejudice against them. Queer how people explain things in Shakespeare. Sometimes he wrote obscene comicalities, and awe-inspired worshippers find the excuse that he had to do it to please his audiences, although, in fact, he would come far better out of the matter if he had liked them himself and not merely prostituted his pen. However, it is dangerous for me to write this sort of thing. Anyhow, we had a really powerful and impressive performance at the St. James's, with some very pathetic passages, and the actor dominated the play so completely that the last act seemed quite needless. In fact, the others made no great impression. Miss Hutin Britton, the Portia, in the earlier scenes was a rather modern, skittish young person, and rarely gave the needful poetic touch; whilst she seemed to rather exaggerate the humour when, as Balthazar, she begs the ring. The Bassanio of Mr. Balliol Holloway was not exactly the romantic performance that the part demands; but Mr. Henry Vibart was quite an excellent Antonio. Mr. Andrew Leigh gave the rather tiresome humours of Young Gobbo cleverly, and his father was excellently represented by Mr. Louis Ashmeade.

Our old friend Tom Smith has turned up trumps again this Christmas with a plentiful supply of crackers, Santa Claus stockings,

table decorations, and confectionery. The war has in no wise diminished either the quality or quantity of his productions—in fact, it has stimulated him to fresh efforts, in view of the fact that the stoppage of Continental supplies of Christmas toys will increase the demand for purely British goods. Tom Smith's crackers always have "something in them." Among this season's new boxes there is sure to be an especial demand for those called "Khaki Jim," "Girl's Brigade," and "Fun from Tipperary," to name only a few out of many. Of war-time and Service crackers there is naturally a great variety, such as the "Patriotic," "Red, White, and Blue," "United Kingdom," "Red Cross," "Victory," "Trophies of the War," "Heroes of the Empire," and "British Navy."

We should like to note that the striking photograph of Mme. Kirkby Lunn which appeared in the "His Master's Voice" Gramophone advertisement in our Christmas Number is by the Dover Street Studios.

Messrs. James Buchanan and Co. are issuing a handsome portfolio containing thirteen studies from the works of Charles Dickens, together with the portrait of Dickens himself, beautifully reproduced in colour from the original paintings by Mr. Frank Reynolds. The complete set is being offered at five shillings (carriage paid), and can be obtained on application to Messrs. Buchanan's Head Office, 26, Holborn, E.C. The net proceeds will be handed over to the Red Cross Society.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway has made excellent Christmas Holiday arrangements. On Dec. 24 a fast late train will be run to Faversham, Whitstable, Herne Bay, Birchington, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Canterbury, Walmer, Deal, Sandwich, and Dover, leaving Victoria at 12.40 midnight and Holborn 12.35 midnight. A similar train will also be run on Friday, Dec. 24, to Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Bexhill, Hastings, Ashford, Canterbury, Ramsgate, Margate, Folkestone, and Dover, leaving Charing Cross at 12.15 midnight, Waterloo 12.17, Cannon Street 12.22, London Bridge 12.28. Full particulars will be found in the Special Train Service Supplement.

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